

[See 1. of year 11.]

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## CHRONICLE.

**I**N the House of Lords, on *Friday* week, In Parliament. Lord MIDDLETON asked a question about fog prevention, and Lord SALISBURY (after planting one, in his most ingenious style, on the absent persons of Lord MONKSWELL and other panting panegyrists of the L. C. C. who have seats in the House of Lords) declined to deal with the matter, by legislation or Royal Commission. His reasons were good in themselves; and this will be a great comfort if London wakes up and finds itself unanimously smothered some morning. In the House of Commons the greater part of a sitting of full length was occupied by the continued discussion of Mr. REDMOND's amendment, which was finally negatived by 168 to 97. The chief speech was Sir WILLIAM HAROURT's, and of course showed the speaker in his ante-1886 mind, or State of Comparative Innocence. The rest of the sitting was desultory, and chiefly occupied by ALPHEUS C. and other doleful creatures. Mr. LABOUCHERE, however, who seems to the French *Voltaire* (Ah! what a difference between namesakes) a "grand Englishman upon whom Mr. GLADSTONE depends to finish the dying Tory party," put in a speech to effect that purpose. But the latest bulletins report the Tory party as doing well. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK—mildest of men—brought up the rising hope of Rossendale in convulsive protest against a reference to "Home Rule" and gas," and, almost before the SPEAKER suppressed that disorderly youth, thanked him with the blandest benevolence for fitting on the cap.

The debate on the Address was wound up on *Monday* by the discussion and rejection by 179 to 158 (in a division after Closure better managed by the Opposition than by the Government Whips) of Mr. SEXTON's amendment. Although there was nothing in it of quite so much interest as the rally between Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. MORLEY, it was, on the whole, the best *jornada* of the play. No two speeches could be better contrasted than Mr. SEXTON's and Mr. JACKSON's. The famous "windbag" of the Irish party has seldom filled himself or fed his hearers with more wind; and the new CHIEF SECRETARY's unadorned but most business-like fashion of speech has not often shown with a happier foil. Sir GEORGE TREVELyan, who followed Mr. JACKSON, was simply lamentable, and could find little to do but attack Lord LONDONDERRY. Mr. REDMOND, who succeeded as a Parnellite free-lance, made matters extremely lively for his anti-Parnellite foes, the Gladstonian leaders, and Sir GEORGE TREVELyan, and brought up that right honourable victim more than once to put him down again very hard. But the most remarkable speech of the evening, perhaps, in itself if not in its results, was made by Mr. DUNBAR BARTON, the new member for Mid Armagh, who has certainly scored first of the new members, and that heavily for the Unionist side. It is pretty to open one's paper, and, without seeing the name, detect a new and vigorous hand at work, and this enjoyment must have fallen to divers readers on *Tuesday* morning. But Mr. BARTON has PLUNKET blood in him, which makes the thing less surprising. The general superiority of the Government side was maintained in the contrast between Colonel SAUNDERSON's good-tempered hard hitting and Mr. HEALY's rather wild and waspish attempts to retaliate. In the House of Lords earlier divers meritorious measures had been introduced, on the more important of which we comment elsewhere, and "attention" had been "called" to other matters.

The singular incidents of the division on *Monday* night (when it was at least alleged that the Gladstonian leaders deliberately abstained from answering Mr. REDMOND, in the double hope of evading an explanation on Home Rule and

hastening a snatch division, contrary to understanding) attracted more attention on *Tuesday* than the actual proceedings of that day in Parliament. The first private members' day of the Session was chiefly occupied, in the House of Commons, by a Bill for the election of magistrates, produced by that grave and reverend statesman Mr. SEALE-HAYNE. That the election of magistrates is one of the very worst political abuses known or imaginable is the opinion of the vast majority of competent students of politics, whatever may be their differences on other points. But it was reserved for Sir CHARLES RUSSELL to supply the final argument. Lord RIFON's fellow-petitioner for relief laid it down that the very first qualification of a magistrate is the confidence of the persons among whom he administers justice. And so he would commit the administration to a person who, *ex hypothesi*, can inspire no confidence whatever in a minority of his constituents, which must be considerable, and may in time become a majority. The Commons rose before eight. There was only formal business in the House of Lords.

The distressful and neglected country of Ireland had practically the whole of *Wednesday*—that is to say, such a whole as was left by the usual Wednesday delay in forming a House—to itself. The Municipal Franchise Bill was read a second time after considerable debate, but without a division. The Labourers' Bill was talked out after an attempt to closure, which did not succeed, the SPEAKER having probably had enough of that game for one week. The debate on both Bills was remarkable for the cross-divisions of Irish opinion it exhibited—members like Mr. MACARTNEY and Colonel WARING finding themselves side by side with Mr. SEXTON and Mr. MAURICE HEALY—and for some rudeness to the CHIEF SECRETARY on the part of the other Mr. HEALY.

The Lords on *Thursday* devoted a short time to Evidence in Criminal Cases; but the entire Parliamentary interest of the day rested with Mr. BALFOUR's introduction in the Lower House of the Irish Local Government Bill. The problem was a sufficiently hard one, and was practically this:—"Given a people unfit for local self-government, to find a scheme of local self-government to fit them." Mr. BALFOUR's scheme, which of necessity cannot be analysed in detail here, was greeted as a matter of course with affected contempt and real rage by the Gladstonians—English and Irish—and the Parnellites. It may not excite much enthusiasm elsewhere; it is the lot of measures of the "safeguard" order not to do so. But it is only fair to acknowledge the remarkable ingenuity, without too great complexity, of the scheme; and, so far from despising the chief proviso—that malfeasance on the part of a Council shall be cognizable by judges—we should like to see a similar provision introduced all over the United Kingdom. The debate was taken part in by most of the chiefs of the Opposition in the spirit above sketched, and by some others, the chief of whom was Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and the Bill was then brought in and read a first time.

The foreign news of the early part of the week was voluminous but vain; the chief of it being the magnanimous request of the *Débats* that England will not hurry out of Egypt—six months, or even twelve, are to be allowed us—the fact being that, as the *Débats* naively admits, if we did take France at her word, it would put her in an impossible position. And this would be "a shame," says *Gullus impayabilis*.—Foreign affairs continued extraordinarily dull on *Tuesday* morning, the chief items of interest concerning the performance of M. MASSENET's new opera *Werther* at Vienna, an anti-Protestant riot at Athens (rather curious in connexion with the Corfu *Judenhetze* of last year), and some grumblings in the German Reichstag as to sentries

shooting at sight and the tyranny of non-commissioned officers.—The centres of the same languid interest shifted on Wednesday to Japan, where the blessings of representative government are being experienced to the full in that chief end of man—a general election; to Bulgaria, where they had caught a brigand, and killed him; and to Tunis, where the fortifying of Biskra by France is exciting some uneasiness in Italy. We have in Malta a good watching point for this new naval stronghold, but there is no doubt that it might be troublesome in war.—The chief item of Thursday's news was the report of the judges commissioned to inquire into the Quebec scandals. Naturally, the two Conservative members found Mr. MERCIER guilty, and the one Liberal member found him innocent.—The French Ministry resigned on Thursday after a sharp defeat on the Church and State question. But French Ministries are always resigning. A more terrible piece of information may be seen by some in the statement that Mme. CARROT at a recent reception wore a "small "diadem." O BRUTUS! O ARISTOGEITON! O CINCINNATUS, and THEMISTOCLES, and ANACHARSIS CLOOTZ!

**Politics out of Parliament.** The Liberal-Unionist Council met on Tuesday, and its list of candidates for the next election was published.—Wednesday was a mighty day for extra-Parliamentary speaking, all the chief leaders of the Liberal-Unionists, from the Duke of DEVONSHIRE to Mr. COLLINGS, addressing the meeting of the Rural Labourers' League, which was also attended by many Tory members of Parliament, and at which the person whom clever people call "HODGE" received advice to which we only hope he will attend.—Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR spoke at the Constitutional Club, and disturbed his opponents terribly by mildly remarking that this is "probably the last 'Session of the present Parliament," and by speaking faithfully on the tactics of Monday last.—Meanwhile Sir WILLIAM HAROURT was ramping and roaring at Whitechapel, having probably arrayed himself in the garment once called by that name, and having certainly provided himself with some choice and fresh slang, such as "Too 'jolly clever by half," "As good as they make 'em," and other things calculated to go straight to the great heart of the Whitechapel people. Sir WILLIAM HAROURT subsequently wrote a rambling and ill-tempered letter to the *Times*, protesting against censures of his conduct on Monday, and declaring that he "was not in the House." We thought that was exactly the charge against him.—A meeting was held on Wednesday of a character which may be judged from the presence of Archdeacon FARRAR, "Alderman FLEMING WILLIAMS," and Dr. CLIFFORD, for the purpose of "applying the fundamental doctrines of Christianity to political affairs."

**Elections.** Mr. WILLOX, the Tory candidate, was returned unopposed for the Everton division of Liverpool. Three new vacancies have occurred by the deaths of Mr. HANKEY, a Tory, and Mr. WARDLE, a Gladstonian, in Surrey and Derbyshire respectively, and by that of Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL.

**The Law Courts.** It was, we regret to say, once more decided this day week that the old and excellent doctrine that you cannot steal from an empty pocket has been denied by our law.—The prisoners charged with "Anarchist" meddling with explosives at Walsall were committed for trial on Monday.—The BAIN legitimacy case, which the newspapers have been kind enough to call "romantic," was the chief legal matter of interest in the middle of the week.—The Court of Appeal has reversed the decision of the Court below in the matter of the Hansard Union directors.

**Correspondence.** On this day week "B" made some pertinent objections to Mr. HALDANE's defence of the dynamiters, on the ground that "hundreds of others would have done the same." But alas! "B" is only a clever old man; and there are many silly young men who now think, and some young men for whom "silly" is not quite the word, who affect to think that, if a great number of people unite to do acts illegal, inequitable, or immoral, those acts become moral, equitable, and legal.—Sir GEORGE TREVELyan tried to mend his very poor hand in the rates matter by saying that when leases were granted education was not publicly paid for. No; our grandfathers were not such fools. But what this has to do with it we profess ourselves unable to see, inasmuch as the contract covered all rates that might be imposed. Mr. BODDLE and many other good men have been trying to impress this and

other matters in a popular style on Sir GEORGE, perhaps with some futility; for no one is so blind as a sharp-sighted man who has carefully bandaged his eyes, and no one so stupid as a clever man who has *tourné mal*.—On Thursday morning a very curious correspondence was published, between Lord COMPTON and Sir HENRY JAMES, on the subject of the L. C. C. Lord COMPTON echoed the silly whines about "violent abuse" and "rancorous opposition." Sir HENRY JAMES might have been tempted, but was too polite, to reply in the single word "Fudge." The facts are that the majority of the Council has, with rare intervals of lucidity, exhibited itself as composed of very bad men of business, prurient and pragmatical prigs, employers who do not know how to treat those employed by them like gentlemen, and politicians whose notions of politics are sandwiches of robbery and rubbish. The press has told the truth about this fact; and that is all about it.

**Miscellaneous.** On Friday week Mrs. OSBORNE was committed for trial; the Coal-porters' strike in London was said to have ended; the jack-pudding who calls himself "General" BOOTH returned to his country for that country's sins; it was announced that two Drawing-rooms and two Levées would be held after Easter; news arrived of the *Victoria's* safe docking at Malta, with no worse injuries than some opened plates and a general wrenching and straining; and a severe report on the failure of Messrs. MILLS, BAWTREE, & Co.'s bank was published by the Official Receiver.—On Saturday week it appeared that the close of the Coal-porters' strike was celebrated too soon, and it was renewed, the ostensible cause being the old one of the masters' very proper refusal to dismiss the men who had come to their aid in favour of the misdemeanants who had left them. It is clear that the claim of the Trade-Unionists, which amounts to asserting for a misbehaving servant the fee simple of his place, is utterly preposterous, and sooner or later it will have to be met and rejected once for all. On the same day the knaves and ninnies who compose the Salvation Army were allowed to stop half the business and pleasure traffic of London in order to welcome their precious General in Hyde Park.—The Bishop of LONDON has bestowed his benediction on the proposed "Gresham" University, which is at least a vast improvement in name on "Albert."—The disorganized condition of the L. C. C. was shown on Tuesday by the final determination not to elect a Superintendent of Parks who had been recommended by the Parks Committee.—A deputation from the University of Aberdeen waited on Mr. GOSCHEN on Tuesday to ask for a grant in aid. We do not know whether the CHANCELLOR had, like him of the Laureate's poem, a "golden chain" to "dally with," and nothing would induce us to call him "sedate and vain." He certainly "in courteous words re-turned reply"; but haply the Aberdonians may have thought that he also "smiling put the question by." Another Scotch deputation saw the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY on the subject of local taxation on Wednesday.—Mr. STANHOPE made concessions to a deputation in the matter of the New Forest rifle ranges on Thursday.—Very severe weather has been experienced during the week, Tuesday night in London having been the coldest recorded in February for a generation, and a grievous list of snow-storms, blizzards, and other abominable things coming in, not merely from all parts of England, but from almost all parts of Europe. Among other results of this return of winter, the Waterloo Cup had to be postponed.

**Convocation.** The Convocation of Canterbury met for business on Tuesday, and its sittings were opened, after the usual ceremonies, by the voting of an address of condolence to the QUEEN. A similar expression of loyal sympathy was made by the House of Laymen.

**Obituary.** Admiral of the Fleet Sir PROVO WALLIS, whose hundredth birthday was celebrated last year, just failed to reach his hundred and first, and died last week.—Dr. JUNKER was very well known as an African traveller, and we review his last book on the subject in another part of this impression.—Dr. DONALD FRASER was a person of eminence among Presbyterian ministers. Like other distinguished Nonconformists who have recently died, he had the misfortune to be taken as a text by Dr. JOSEPH PARKER.—Everybody, it is to be hoped, knows the book, equally solid and charming, which gained Mr. H. W. BATES his reputation thirty years ago. His health is said never to have been strong, and his sojourn on the Amazons cannot have improved it; but he

had latterly occupied the important, but not trying, office of Secretary to the Geographical Society, and was not far off his threescore years and ten. *The Naturalist on the Amazon* has hardly a rival in its class except Mr. WALLACE's *Malay Archipelago*.—One of the strangest incidents in the recent history, if not of literature, of the book trade, is recalled by the death of Mr. VALENTINE DURRANT, author of "The Cheveley Novels."—Dr. HIRST was a mighty mathematician, and M. SVERDRUP one of the most prominent figures in Scandinavian politics till a year or two ago.—Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL's career has too often pointed one and the same moral in his lifetime for it to be necessary to insist, with much reiteration, on that moral now. Returning from India with almost the highest reputation, he exchanged it, during his seventeen years' presence in Parliament, for what may be at the present moment most fitly described as a reputation quite different. Not merely were his views on Imperial politics generally wrong, but his manner of enforcing them was almost universally regarded, even by those who agreed with him, as intolerable. Yet he never forfeited a certain kind of respect which was due to his extreme honesty, sincerity, and conviction.

The chief books of the week have been, in England, Mr. AITKEN'S edition of the works of ARBUTHNOT (Oxford: Clarendon Press) (a worthy of English literature whose name everybody knows, and of whom it may be shrewdly suspected not many people know much more than the name), and the second volume of Sir JAMES STEPHEN'S *Horæ Sabbaticæ*; in France PIERRE LOTTI'S *Fantôme d'Orient* (Paris: CALMANN LÉVY), a book full of that writer's well-known picturesqueness, and also, we fear it must be said, of his not very manly or wholesome sentiment.

#### SNAP DIVISIONS AND THE CLOSURE.

THE whole duty of the Whip is well known; but it seems to have been very imperfectly discharged on Monday night. A House was made; the Minister, in this case the "sanguinary JACKSON," for he has already had his baptism of blood, was deservedly cheered; but the House was very insufficiently kept. The result was that the Government escaped by the skin of its teeth. A motion was made in favour of representing to HER MAJESTY that the failure of the Land Act of last Session has confirmed the Irish members in their previous conviction—we intend no offence by the collocation of phrases—of the incapacity of the Imperial Parliament to legislate for the distinctive interests of Ireland. It was rejected by twenty-one votes only—179 against 158. This result was due to the playful interposition of Mr. MACLAREN, a Scotch member, who cut short the speech of Mr. RADCLIFFE COOKE by moving that the question be now put. The question was at once put, with the result we have mentioned. The Conservative and Liberal-Unionist members were absent, in imprudent reliance, it is said, on the general belief that the debate would be adjourned. There is said to have been no specific understanding between the two Front Benches; but there was an impression, of which Mr. MACLAREN took advantage in moving the Closure, and by which Sir WILLIAM HARcourt, Mr. MORLEY, and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN profited, to try to snatch a shabby and illusory victory. Their voting for the resolution at all was a somewhat Hibernian proceeding; for how can English Gladstonians undertake to assure HER MAJESTY that the conviction of a majority of Irish members in favour of Home Rule has been intensified by any cause whatever? The Liberal party, said Mr. REDMOND, in one of the few speeches which gave interest and life to the debate, ought to know what was in the minds of the Irish party. Apparently they know it already, for they make solemn affirmations about it. The Irish party, Mr. REDMOND added, ought to know what was in the minds of the Liberal party. That is just what the Liberal party themselves would be glad to know; but they cannot give any information which they themselves do not yet possess.

The question has been raised whether the SPEAKER exercised a sound discretion in allowing the Closure. The standing order on the subject allows his veto if it shall appear to the Chair that the application of the Closure is an abuse of the rules of the House, or an infringement of the rights of the minority. The rights of the minority were not in question, for it was the minority, in the hope, no doubt, that it might turn out to be a majority,

which, in the person of one of the most minor of its members, moved the Closure. But surely it was an abuse of the rules of the House to cut short the speech of a member actually upon his legs in order to profit by the impression that the debate would be adjourned, and so to snatch a vote known to be in contradiction to the general sense of Parliament. The resolution, if it had passed, would, no doubt, have been formally rescinded on the first opportunity. But it is undesirable to tie a knot in order to cut it. Again, it may be said that Ministers acquiesced in the Closure, inasmuch as they did not divide upon it; and that they were, therefore, contributory to their own danger. They may have felt that the chance of defeat was compensated by the certainty of bringing the debate on the Address to a close, and being able to proceed next day to the business of the Session.

The fact is that the working of the Closure is attended with a degree of uncertainty which is not inherent in the practice itself. The Chair, whose discretion is decisive, is a double-minded and unstable piece of furniture. Things appear to it in one light when the Speaker occupies it, and in quite another when the Chairman of Committees sits, not indeed on it, but under its shadow. Mr. PEEL seems anxious to apply the Closure with some degree of rigour, holding, perhaps, that, due regard being had to the rights of the minority, it is the Speaker's duty to aid Ministers, who are responsible for the business of the House, in its efficient discharge. Mr. COURTYNE, who is zealous for the rights of minorities, being himself a minority, though not an inconsiderable one, has during the present Parliament constantly refused his sanction to the Closure, even when moved by the Leader of the House. His rebuffs, of course, often prevented the proposal being made in circumstances which called for it. The Speaker and Chairman of Committees ought to come to some understanding as to the conditions under which the Closure should be allowed or disallowed. Considering the relative importance of the two offices, the practice of the Chairman of Committees should follow that of the Speaker, so far as circumstances, endlessly varying, will allow. This does not appear to be Mr. COURTYNE's view; and the result is a degree of uncertainty in the conduct of Parliamentary business very unfavourable to its effective discharge. Mr. COURTYNE's laxity and indulgence are no doubt sometimes in place. If the proceedings on Monday had been in Committee, it is probable that Ministers would not have incurred the risk of defeat which they narrowly escaped. The Whips, no doubt, had a difficult task. The funereal eloquence of Mr. SEXTON, who spoke as if he came to bury Home Rule rather than to praise it, and the half-plaintive, half-petulant monotony of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, are disintegrating forces. Members, instead of lending their ears, betake themselves to their legs. The last Session of a Parliament is a Session often of mutiny and revolt. But the greater the difficulty the greater the glory of the Whip who overcomes it.

#### SIR PROVO WALLIS.

WE hope it will not be thought disrespectful if we confess to having been reminded by the death, at a very great age, of Sir PROVO WALLIS of some remarks made by one of MARRYAT'S characters on the longevity of admirals. They were soaked, he said, in salt-water in their youth, and so lasted for ever. This is an undignified, but expressive, way of stating the truth, that for him who is able to endure its hardships the sea-life is singularly strengthening. The age to which the late Admiral of the Fleet attained was, indeed, very exceptional, and presented an excellent opportunity to those persons who are fond of showing how few lives sometimes cover a great space of a nation's history. When Sir PROVO WALLIS'S name first appeared on the books of an English warship—which, to be sure, was long before he went to sea—there was alive an Admiral JOHN FORBES, who had served under Admiral NORRIS, who had been promoted for good conduct at Beachy Head, and must have been born when JAMES Duke of YORK was Lord High Admiral of England. But these long lives are not very rare among martial men by sea or land. The late Sir WILLIAM GOMM was a younger man by ten years at his death than Sir PROVO WALLIS. Yet he counted eighty years of service, of which the first had been spent in the

Peninsula. In both cases the length of service attributed to these officers was due to the practice which once allowed boys at school, or in the nursery, and, if the joker is to be believed, even girls, to figure on the pay-books of ships and the muster-books of regiments. The Field-Marshal was ensign and lieutenant at the age of ten, and the Admiral of the Fleet was rated A.B. at the age of four. Yet both began actual service young, and in both cases it was hard.

The two most famous actions in which Sir PROVO WALLIS took part are among the most instructive—each in its own way—in the history of the navy. He was midshipman in the *Cleopatra* when she was taken by the much more powerful French frigate *Ville de Milan*. Sir ROBERT LAWRIE, of the *Cleopatra*, saw, from the manœuvres of the Frenchman, that he wished to avoid an action. Captain RENAUD, of the *Ville de Milan*, had, in truth, orders to go straight home from Martinique to France, without stopping to take prizes or speak any ship. The *Ville de Milan* therefore ran for it, though a far stronger ship than the *Cleopatra*. Sir ROBERT LAWRIE, who knew the odds against him perfectly well, pursued, caught the Frenchman up, and fought him for more than two hours before he was compelled to surrender to superior force. Sir ROBERT LAWRIE lost his vessel, but he had so damaged the *Ville de Milan* that she was compelled to surrender after little or no resistance to the next English ship she met—and the important despatches were never delivered. The moral of that story is the wisdom of always fighting, even if defeat is certain, because you may make it easier for the next comer on your own side—which, by the way, is true in politics as well as in war. The second and yet more famous fight of the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake* has a moral also, though a somewhat different one. In 1812 the United States had gained a series of perfectly legitimate victories over English cruisers. Knowing that they could not support a large navy, they wisely resolved that what they had should be very good. There has been much foolish abuse of them for their supposed unfairness by English writers; but nothing can be more childish than to blame the Americans for doing exactly what our own navy had done in the last century. Superiority which is obtained by better preparation and by ingenuity is eminently honourable. In any case the American frigates would have given much trouble, and have scored points in the game. But as our navy was strained to the utmost by the necessity of blockading NAPOLEON's fleets, and as the poorest ships and worst crews were sent to distant seas, they had particular advantages. As soon as the first fall of NAPOLEON set our fleets free, the United States navy was instantly overpowered; but if this only had happened, the honours would have remained with the Americans. Happily something else happened. Among the vessels available for service on the American coast was the *Shannon*, whose captain, BROKE, had spent six years in bringing her to perfection of discipline and efficiency. Out of originally very indifferent materials, he had by infinite patience and unweary attention to detail formed a very fine crew. The many among them who were mere boys when first shipped by him had grown to trained men under his eye. When he met the *Chesapeake*, she was fresh from port, manned, indeed, by a trained crew, but newly commissioned. The vessels were fairly matched; but there was an advantage on our side which should the less be denied because it was all to the honour of Captain BROKE. He had the better crew, and it was due to him that it was better. The result all the world knows. Captain BROKE was rewarded for six years' toil by a splendid victory, won with magnificent rapidity. The capture of the *Chesapeake* shattered the supposed superiority of the American frigates to pieces. They could win when they were opposed to poor ships poorly manned; but against a good frigate, well manned and well handled, they were not invincible. The moral of that story was the wisdom of preparing beforehand. It was one, too, of which we needed to be reminded, for long success had begun to make our navy a little careless. It needed a reminder that it must not neglect the arts by which it had won its supremacy. The ship's company, of which Sir PROVO WALLIS was the last survivor, illustrated those arts to perfection.

#### APPLIED CHRISTIANITY.

ON Wednesday last in the afternoon, the walls of Exeter Hall, long familiarized to every sort of Bray, re-echoed the utterances of a novel herd. It was "a Conference of ministers and Church officers of all denominations," presided over (whether in the character of minister or of Church officer we know not) by Archdeacon FARRAR. Among other ministers, too, Canon SCOTT-HOLLAND sent a letter of regret. But the ministers and Church officers (the latter phrase, which is dark to us, possibly signifying a beadle) do not seem to have been for the most part affiliated to the Church of England. There was the Reverend Dr. CLIFFORD and the Reverend Mr. ALDERMAN FLEMING WILLIAMS, the Reverend NEWMAN HALL (self-appointed authority *in re vestitaria* to the English Church), and Dr. JENKINS—not the extremely learned clergyman of that name, but an ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference. The object of the meeting was more particularly to encourage shebeening (in its own words, to regulate the drink traffic) and more generally to "apply Christianity." It had some minor desires, such as that of the Reverend Dr. JENKINS, which was to get "a proper Sabbath" (if the Sabbaths of the Reverend Dr. JENKINS are at present improper, we offer him our condolences, but can only suggest that the remedy lies with himself). In the pursuit of these objects the ministers and Church officers talked. What Archdeacon FARRAR talked we need not discuss in detail. As the poet (slightly altered) observes,

Besides, it is King Guibert's lot  
That what he saith she marketh not,

and the sensible public plays "she" to the Archdeacon's King GUILBERT. It may be supposed that Dr. FARRAR thinks he can step into Dr. MANNING's place as an apostle of temperance falsely so called. They are as like as my fingers to my fingers, and both were Archdeacons; though, by the way, one of them could write pure and stately English. Nor is it necessary to tell how the meeting cheered the name of Mr. SEPTIMUS BUSS, who has just obeyed the precepts of his Master by picketing publicans and bringing about a riot in Shoreditch. It is a dictum of the Reverend Dr. CLIFFORD (always a favourite of ours) which attracts us—"Politics," said the Reverend Dr. CLIFFORD, "were but applied Christianity."

A phrase of this kind is pleasant to meditate over in dreams that wave before the half-shut eye. It is not ungrammatical. It sounds as if it might possibly have a meaning. It is nearly certain to fetch a cheer. It is not at all unlikely to cause a warm and delightful suspicion to pass through the heart of its framer that he is a clever fellow, and a proper religious man to boot, and, look you, one that can make epigrams. And yet it is stark nonsense—nonsense almost as stark as Mr. MILL's favourite "Abracadabra" is a second intention." In so far as it has any truth, the truth is so general as to have no special meaning whatever. From the religious point of view, not merely politics, but every action and relation of life, is, or should be, "applied Christianity." As a very different person from the Reverend Dr. CLIFFORD once put it, you may and should sweep a room as a part of the application. But in any other and specific sense the statement is, if it is not meaningless, false, and most particularly false in the sense in which the Reverend Dr. CLIFFORD used it. There is nothing in the letter or in the spirit of Christianity which provides even the faintest justification for the proceedings for which the Conference pants. Dr. CLIFFORD, indeed, if we do not misremember certain controversies connected with his name, is one of those persons who despise the letter and interpret the spirit as seems to them good. And his politics, for aught we know, may really be applied Cliffordianity. But things being so, it would be well to call them by their names. The name of Christianity is, to a possibly unfashionable and dwindling, but still existing, remnant, a very definite thing, the sign and symbol of everything that is great, that is of good report, that is sacred, that is beautiful, that is true. We could hardly, we fear, convey to Dr. CLIFFORD, and to Alderman and Reverend FLEMING WILLIAMS, or even to Archdeacon FARRAR, the effect which is produced on such minds by the bandying and battering the word in their own reverend lips. There is not indeed, we believe, in literary English any single term at once vivid and exact for this feeling. But the Scotch vernacular does provide such a term, and enables us to observe that the word Christianity on the lips of Dr. CLIFFORD and his fellows "gars us 'scunner."

## MR. SEXTON'S AMENDMENT.

NEVER, surely, was there a political party more easily pleased than the Gladstonians. They resemble nothing so much as those best-behaved of well-behaved children who can amuse themselves for ever with games of make-believe. They play at winning "moral victories" over their opponents in the division-lobbies, and display so innocent a delight at the success of the well-worn stratagem by which these victories are achieved, that no one but Scrooge, in the mood in which he pulled the boy's ear for whistling, could find it in his heart to dash their glee. There is really no reason why one should. If they like to give out that they desire to prolong a debate over two sittings and then move the Closure at the end of the first sitting, and so "snap" a division on unfairly favourable terms for their party—well, the performance being one of those which apparently amuse the performers and certainly hurt no one else, may be easily treated with indulgence. It is certainly not worth while to make it, as it has been made in some Unionist quarters, the text for a solemn sermon to the Ministerial Whips on the duty of increased vigilance. It is, surely, a little unreasonable to expect more of those hard-worked officials than that they should take care to have always at hand a sufficient number of Ministerialists to prevent the Opposition from ever out-voting the Government by a surprise, and to beat them by a majority fairly representative of their real Parliamentary preponderance in any division which has been duly and properly challenged. To demand of them that they should be able, at any moment, and at a quarter of an hour's notice, to bring up the whole strength, or anything like the whole strength, of their majority is to demand impossibilities. The division of last Monday night on Mr. SEXTON's amendment was taken under every circumstance of disadvantage for the Government and of unfairly obtained advantage for the Opposition. No pains were spared on the side of the latter to encourage the belief that the debate would be adjourned. The Irish members mustered in force, and were well supported by the Gladstonians. The Closure was not moved till the clock was on the stroke of midnight, or, in other words, until mistaken anticipations of an adjournment had had time to produce their maximum effect. Yet Mr. SEXTON and his supporters were beaten, and, as we think, sufficiently beaten. A majority of 21 in a house of 337 is, of course, far from adequately expressing the normal preponderance of the Unionist vote; but, having regard to the conditions under which the division was taken, we are unable to find in it any grounds either for regret or for uneasiness.

Nor can we see that the debate which preceded it was any more unsatisfactory. We have never been enthusiastic in our approval of the Land Purchase Act, and we have certainly never shared the absurd expectation entertained in some quarters as to its instantaneous and wonder-working effects. But it would be hardly less absurd to rush, at the invitation of Mr. SEXTON, to the conclusion that the Act is destined to be a total failure. In spite of the small numbers of the applications which have been actually received under it, the general business of land purchasing is, as Mr. JACKSON showed, proceeding no less briskly than in the period immediately following the passing of the ASHBOURNE Act; a fact which clearly indicates that the common principle of both statutes is as popular as ever with the Irish people, and that their present indisposition to take advantage of the provisions of the later statute must be solely due to defects of detail. That such defects existed was always a matter of strong suspicion, and cannot now, therefore, be a matter of much surprise. That they are remediable to some extent by legislation we do not doubt, and that some of them will remedy themselves in course of time—unless the Irish people choose of their own accord to arrest the process—may, we think, be with little less confidence anticipated. As regards the former point, it is undeniable that the provisions respecting payment are unfairly disadvantageous to the landlords and should be amended; as regards the latter, it is no less obvious that the uncertainty of the existing political situation is exercising a deterrent effect on both landlord and tenant. The former, the arrangements for whose payment have unhappily been made to some extent dependent on the discretion of the Treasury, is naturally averse from committing himself to any transaction which, commenced under a Government which recognizes that he has rights, might be concluded under a Government which regards him as a

*caput lupinum.* The latter, by an exactly converse process of reasoning, may arrive at the conclusion that it would be unwise to open negotiations for land purchase under a Government which holds Mr. BALFOUR's views as to the average value of the landlord's interest when that Government may in a few months be displaced by one whose views on that subject will, he expects or hopes, be those of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN. No wonder that, with this possibility, even he should prefer to await another of those "constant revisions" which Sir GEORGE thinks will be necessary "before we arrive at the real value of the land—'lord's claims." Well, he can give effect to this calculation if he pleases, and do his best to replace a Gladstonian Government in power; but, if the Act fail on that account, its failure will have nothing to say to the special merits or demerits of the statute. It will only show, what some of us have always believed, that so-called remedial measures of this description are as mistaken in principle as are all attempts to offer bribes to people who suffer from the malady of not liking to pay their debts. In other words, it appears to us that the Land Purchase Act of last Session presents a fair promise of working well—in the only sense in which such legislation can fairly promise to that effect. That is to say, it will fail only if the policy it embodies is unsound. If not, it will succeed to the extent of all reasonable expectations. And success on these terms, and subject to these conditions, is the only kind of success that this or, for that matter, any other legislative measure deserves.

To our thinking, moreover, the question involved by Mr. SEXTON's amendment is not nearly so interesting or important as that incidentally raised by the speech of Mr. REDMOND, who bids fair, so far as one can judge at this period of the Session, to give a good many bad quarters of an hour to gentlemen sitting on the Front Opposition Bench. Mr. REDMOND is evidently much more interested in finding out the future policy of his friends than in attacking the legislative achievements of his enemies. In pursuance of this quest he "wants to know" several things which the Gladstonians do not want to tell him. For instance, he wants to know what Sir WILLIAM HARcourt meant by "Fenian Home Rule," which he says that he for one will never consent to; and if it means what it appears to mean, then he wants to know how it differs from that form of Home Rule which Mr. DILLON, and Mr. SEXTON, and Mr. O'BRIEN, and the other leaders of the anti-Parnellite party have declared that they themselves will insist on as strenuously as Mr. PARNELL himself in the name of the Irish people. And next he wants to know what Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN meant by a recent speech of his at Rothbury; whether it did or did not imply that the next Home Rule Bill, after being once rejected in the Upper House, is to be hung up indefinitely until an agitation has been got up against the Lords, and fomented by presenting to them for certain rejection a string of equally impossible measures; and whether, if that were Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's meaning, he thought or hoped, or intended to suggest or to insinuate that he thought or hoped, that it would be possible to perform this complicated feat within the limits of a single Session; and, if not, how many Sessions he contemplates devoting to its performance. Decidedly an inquisitive young man, this Mr. REDMOND, and one whose curiosity is likely to prove increasingly embarrassing to his Gladstonian friends. Even already it has thrown them, as the later passages of Monday night's debate pretty clearly indicated, into much confusion. One hardly knows which of the two heckled statesmen—Sir WILLIAM HARcourt and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN—"cut up" the worse under the infliction, or whether of the twain is to be regarded as having the most lamentably failed to meet it—Sir GEORGE, who made a reply in which he contradicted himself two or three times in as many minutes, and left off with his hearers involved in as dense a fog as himself, or Sir WILLIAM, who adopted the safer but more ignominious course of taking refuge in silence and in flight.

## LEGISLATION FOR INDIA.

LORD MACAULAY, in one of those fits of jealousy which are lamentably common between members of the English Universities, talks of certain learned and exemplary divines—the objects, doubtless, of his own sincere veneration—whom Cambridge had the honour o

educating and Oxford the honour of burning. Any one who reprehensibly desired to stir, in a similar way, the jealousy between the two Houses might talk of the praiseworthy measures which the House of Lords is at pains to bring into the world, and which the House of Commons will only exert itself to Burke. Several of these innocents saw, or were reintroduced to, the light on Monday, in what it seems to give a fierce and free delight to some Radicals to call "the gilded chamber"; and two of these concerned India.

Generally speaking, we confess, we hold the opinion that the less the English Parliament meddles with India the better. But, if it meddles at all, it must, of course, be expected to remuddle from time to time with its own meddling, and both the measures referred to were instances of this kind. In regard to the second and minor Bill—that removing the present hard-and-fast rule which prevents the Viceroy, the Commander-in-Chief in India, and divers other high officials from coming home without *ipso facto* vacating their offices—there are those who, without, it need hardly be said, intending any reflection on the present gallant occupants of those posts, would not be sorry to hear that the Commanders-in-Chief of Bombay and Madras had come home and never gone out again. With regard to the others, we do not quite understand Lord NORTHBROOK's objections. The PRIME MINISTER had his wits even more than usually about him when he suggested how nice it would have been if he himself as Secretary of State, and Lord NORTHBROOK as Viceroy, could have had five minutes' personal talk and so have removed certain historical and unfortunate misunderstandings; and the argument from the difference in point of time of the Cape route and that at present used is also strong. But the strongest argument of all seems to us to be the practical impossibility of the license being abused, except by the fault of the Secretary of State. As to practical inconvenience, death has given experience of that before now, and it has not proved serious. The other measure is much more complicated, and, we think, much more important. For two years past it has run the gauntlet of the Lords, to fall by the cruelty of the Commons, and in this painful process it has been discussed, and amended, and criticized pretty considerably. The guarded and rather cryptic language of the few peers who spoke on this occasion may be supposed to have been not a little conditioned by this decocation and redecocation of the scheme. Speaking generally, the Bill proposes to enlarge the powers, the numbers, and the modes of nomination of the legislative Councils of India, and it seems to be agreed that the point of interest concerns especially the mode of nomination. The healthiest as well as the most downright expression in the debate was, perhaps, Lord NORTHBROOK's, to the effect that "his experience had taught him that India was, at least in his time, a country quite unfit for any system of election by popular constituencies." We may add that the Congresses and Conferences since held by partisans of such a system have shown the truth of this with ever-increasing force. But it is, we believe, a fact that the present VICEROY, and other persons whose opinion is worth attending to, think they see their way to popularizing the Councils without weakening the Government. It must be remembered that the functions of these Councils are not executive, and it cannot be denied that the measure is in harmony with a general tendency of our administration in India recently. We must repeat, however, that "Can't you let it alone?" applies, in our minds, rather strongly to proposals of this kind. If we could see any strong probability of their encouraging good subjects, while giving no handle to bad ones, we should, of course, welcome them heartily enough. But suppose they encourage bad subjects, and give no handle of any particular usefulness to good?

#### UNLUCKY SIR GEORGE.

THE persons who induced Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN to speak at Kennington, or were by him persuaded to allow of his speaking, must be very sorry for it. If he had made a good rousing Radical speech, salted with appeals to envy, and peppered by abuse at large of the class to which he himself belongs, it would have been well. But Sir George was not rousing, his appeals to envy were commonplace, and his abuse was particular. He fell foul of his own ground landlord in London, the Duke of WESTMINSTER. The Kennington Radicals forgot his speech as soon as they had ceased to yawn, and Mr. H. T. BODDIE, the Duke's agent, has made a hare of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, who looks at

the end of the coursing rather especially silly even for him. As the net upshot of the first move in the campaign which is to conquer London for the Radicals, this is not encouraging.

The moral of Sir GEORGE's sad story for the Radical orator is, as we have hinted, the great unadvisedness of naming names. If he had confined himself to thundering in his usual style—namely, with the roar of a magnanimous mouse—about those blessed words, incidence of taxation, taxation of ground rents, wrongs of leaseholders, he would have talked nonsense, no doubt; still he would have been safe enough if he had had the prudence to be general in his abuse. But Sir GEORGE knows that a good bouncing personality always goes down well with a Radical audience. So he instanced the Duke of WESTMINSTER as an example of the bloated aristocrat who is unduly favoured by our present iniquitous system. The Duke, according to Sir GEORGE, will see his estate endowed with Board schools at the expense of the precarious tenants of the houses upon it, and will himself pay nothing. Thereupon Mr. H. T. BODDIE pointed out to him that there are no Board schools upon the estate. An apology would appear to be due from Sir GEORGE; but, instead of that, came the important piece of information that he pays 20*l.* a year School Board rate, and would greatly prefer to see it paid by his ground landlord, who happens to be the Duke. This inept manoeuvre laid him open to a reply from Mr. BODDIE, which is about the best thing of its kind done since the agent of the Count of PARIS administered his notable dressing to Le brav' Général. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN has the remainder of a long lease of a house assessed at 417*l.* The ground rent is 15*l.* Sir GEORGE may sell his lease for a handsome sum, profiting by the unearned increment in the value of that form of property in most parts of London; but the Duke will not get a penny more ground rent till the lease expires, nearly forty years hence. Yet Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN thinks that his landlord should pay the school rate, which in this case would be the whole ground rent, and five pounds more. For a gentleman who drew the cheers of Kennington Radicals by declaring that, if he were a landlord, he would set an example of generosity, this desire has a strangely selfish look. If Sir GEORGE only means that his landlord should pay a share of the school rate *pro rata*, he is asking for the trifling relief of 15*s.* When, then, the sorrows of this precarious tenant—which, be it observed, he made public himself—are stated in pounds, shillings, and pence, they do not look very crushing. So much for the personal question between Sir G. TREVELYAN and the Duke of WESTMINSTER, which, we say once more, proves how stupid a thing it is to name names. But Sir GEORGE's ill-advised personalities and his confidences to the *Times* have served to bring up once more the whole question of the alleged sorrows of leaseholders in a very instructive fashion. Of course all the usual platitudes have been duly produced for the hundredth time. We have been reminded of the iniquity of leaving the leaseholder liable to all future increase of rates. That he makes this bargain voluntarily, and secures in return for his liability a fixed tenure at a moderate rent, and full power to dispose of his lease at an enhanced value, are considerations ignored, for obvious reasons, by the school of reformers who have taken up his wrongs. Yet they are very important elements in the dispute. Sir GEORGE has helped to bring them well forward by making public property of the history of 8 Grosvenor Terrace. From the fortunes of this desirable residence, it appears that a family of landlords may give the use of a piece of their land for nearly a century to some person and his representatives, who erect a house upon it. This house rises steadily in value, of which unearned increment every penny goes to the lessee—and it is a very handsome sum. Yet this lessee is, while enjoying to the full that increase in the value of his property on which we presume that he calculated, to be relieved from the obligation to pay the increased rates on which he also calculated as possible, since he deliberately undertook to meet them. This may seem just to that eminent lessee, Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN; but we, as disinterested third persons, think it a lopsided kind of equity. If Sir GEORGE is to be released from his obligation, his ground landlord should also be released from his disability. Then the Duke of WESTMINSTER will be enabled to raise his ground rent in exact proportion to the enhanced letting value of No. 8 Grosvenor Terrace and as much of the rates imposed upon him as he can obtain from the tenant by the higgling of the market.

## ELTHAM PARK AND THE NEW FOREST.

"OPEN spaces in danger!" forms a rousing cry at the present day. When the commons were stolen from the geese fifty or a hundred years ago, no one seemed to care very much. Now, the progress of building is jealously watched, and it must be allowed that in some, if not many, cases the alarm is fictitious or wholly groundless. At present a controversy—if that can be called controversy which is wholly onesided—is going on as to Upper Park, Eltham, and, more important still, as to the appropriation of eight hundred acres of the New Forest for a rifle range. Eltham touches Londoners most nearly; but the battle is likely to be over the New Forest. The question as to rifle ranges has become serious. It has lately been disastrously demonstrated that gunnery practice, even in the apparently open sea, is not without its dangers. But the lungs of London are still more important; and it is curious to remark that both at Eltham and in Hampshire the threatened lands are Crown property. In both cases it is probable that some underling, some permanent official of a Government department, is in fault; but the Government—that is, the Cabinet—ought to see that no underlings should have the power to compromise their position by such proceedings. Eltham is an ancient estate of the Crown. Of 596 acres, of which the Great or Upper Park consisted at the time of the Commonwealth, about 140 remained open. This small space, according to Mr. PHILLIPS, a member of the County Council, has been broken up into smaller portions; twenty-six acres have already been let for building, and the rest is doomed. The Commissioners of Woods and Forests are the delinquents in this case, and it is to be feared that protest, however indignant, comes too late. The name of the Upper Park implies the existence of a lower, which at Eltham is the famous Middle Park, whose name again implies a third park. This third extended to the lower ground towards Lee, and has nearly all been built over; but the Upper Park, forming the grounds of a somewhat ancient family residence, has only now been broken up. The memory of Mr. BLENKIRON and Blair Athol may be kept alive by the Middle Park Plate at the Second October Meeting, at Newmarket; but, no doubt, before long the old hall of EDWARD IV. will be closely surrounded with modern jerry-built houses; for it too, if we do not mistake, is Crown property, at the mercy of some over-zealous servant of the Woods and Forests Department.

As to the New Forest, Lord MONTAGU's protest seems likely to take effect. It is not for outsiders to suggest alternative sites for ranges. No doubt it is, in the language of Sir ARTHUR HALIBURTON, a national object to provide adequate accommodation for the training of soldiers. But that object can surely be gained by putting the nation to less expense—not in money, but in land—than is implied in taking any part of the already far too restricted area of the New Forest for the purpose. Every year—nay, every day—seems to bring the New Forest nearer to London. The number of visitors in a fine summer rapidly increases. As railway facilities improve—and they do improve, even on the South-Western, incredible as it may sound—more and more of us from London and from many other great centres of population and labour are able to avail ourselves of the breezy heaths, the deep green glades, the open lawns which make up the Forest. Here even the permanent official cannot build or enclose without the concurrence of Parliament; for the Forest, as the *Times* has well pointed out, is specially exempt from the ordinary description of "Crown land subject to rights of common." It is more than that. It is Crown land; its neighbours have rights, regulated by Lord MONTAGU and the other Verderers, of common pasture; but it is specially stipulated in the Act of 1877 that it is to "remain open and unenclosed." There should be no question on the subject. What may come of the deputation of Thursday remains to be seen. Small things like those we have commented on damage a Ministry to an extent out of all proportion to their real importance.

## THE REICHSTAG AND THE ARMY.

IT may well turn out that the Reichstag has taken a step of great political importance by its vote in favour of the Bavarian system of procedure in courts-martial. The circumstances which have led up to the vote are notorious,

and have been commented on here already. It is not denied by any authority that there have been many and scandalous cases of oppression on the part of non-commissioned officers in the German army. The EMPEROR has himself publicly rebuked these abuses, and General von CAPRIVI made a very damaging concession in the course of the three days' debate in the Reichstag. He opposed the adoption of the Bavarian system, of which, however, he spoke highly, on the ground that the evils complained of are diminishing in Prussia. If the state of things exposed in the circular of Prince GEORGE represents an improvement, we can only admire more highly than ever the long-suffering and loyalty of the German people. Other authorities, it may be noted, have no hesitation in saying that the barbarities detected in the 12th Army Corps are largely due to the high pressure at which the management of the army is conducted in Germany, and are so far from representing an improvement, that they have grown distinctly worse in the present reign. The will of the EMPEROR to treat his soldiers with humanity is undoubted, but, to adapt his own nautical metaphor, he is resolved to go ahead, not only at full speed, but with forced draught. Under the stimulus applied by his nervous and restless driving, the strain has been intensified throughout the whole army, with cruel results to the weaker parts of the machinery.

But be this as it may, whether the things which were not apparent a few years ago did not exist, or were only concealed through fear, they are notorious now. Every German knows them, and the Reichstag has insisted on discussing them. In spite of a very intelligible warning from General von CAPRIVI that excess of zeal might lead to another dissolution, it has voted in favour of an important change in German army administration. The Chamber has not been immoderate. It rejected, though by a very narrow majority, a proposal merely to facilitate the exercise of the right of complaint among soldiers, moved by the Liberals. This it was, perhaps, felt would have too much the air of an encouragement of discontent in the ranks, and almost of an attempt to weaken the authority of the officers. The Reichstag may fairly argue that, in recommending the adoption of the Bavarian system, it is only voting for something which has been already established in a portion of the German army, and has, on the showing of General von CAPRIVI himself, answered well. In Bavaria there is a permanent military tribunal before which all military offences are tried, and in which proceedings are public. But, though the majority of the Reichstag has been moderate, and has been careful only to recommend a change which cannot be fairly called adventurous or revolutionary, its vote is none the less a considerable innovation. However temperately the thing is done, it is a deliberate attempt on the part of the Parliament to secure a share in the direct administration of the army. This is a very new thing in Prussia—and, indeed, in Germany generally. On the first day of the debate General von CAPRIVI, who has taken lately to slapping his sword-hilt as a warning, stated the present orthodox doctrine with perfect accuracy. The discipline of the German army depends on the EMPEROR. He alone makes the law, declares the law, and enforces the law. He may take the advice of his Generals if it is his Imperial pleasure so to do, but the authority is his. No man or body of men can step between the "War Lord" and the host. This, which always was the position of the King of Prussia, is also his position as Emperor in Germany. The smaller forces which have been incorporated into the Imperial army may have usages and customs of their own in minor matters, and the EMPEROR may enforce them throughout if he likes, but it is for him to decide, with or without advice, as he pleases. Manifestly this will cease to be the case from the day on which important military changes are carried out on the vote of the Reichstag. But this is precisely what the majority have asked for, in spite of the CHANCELLOR's warning. It will be interesting to see what course the EMPEROR takes. On modern Liberal principles he would be wise to yield more or less, and as gracefully as possible, to the wish of his Parliament. But it is doubtful whether WILLIAM II., who has always shown himself very conscious of his position as "War Lord," and has even missed no opportunity to assert it with boyish ostentation, will take the course approved by Liberal opinion. It is more likely that he will be provoked into resistance, which may in turn breed a sharp constitutional conflict.

## A QUEER STORY.

THE search for human motives is always a more or less interesting one, if only on the principle of the familiar line in *TERENCE*. But it sometimes leads to no results, and it is, perhaps, most apt to fail when applied to the solution of family quarrels. For four days the President of the Probate Division has been occupied in determining the momentous issue whether *MARY BAIN* was the child of *RALPH USHER*. There can be no doubt that she is, and there seems to be no reason why her father should desire to disown her. Yet he strenuously denies the fact. Proceedings were taken under the Legitimacy Declaration Act, the grandchildren of the late *THOMAS USHER*, of whom *Mrs. BAIN* is one, being entitled to a reversionary interest in a sum of 4,000*l.* This money belongs to *RALPH USHER*, *THOMAS USHER*'s son, for his life, and therefore he would have lost nothing by the acknowledgment of his offspring. Throughout the case there was no suggestion of any object which *RALPH USHER* had to gain by not telling the truth, and that, of course, made the task of the petitioner more difficult. It was, however, performed to the complete satisfaction of the Court, and *RALPH USHER*'s conduct remains as mysterious as ever. *RALPH USHER*'s father was an ironfounder, and *RALPH* was a timekeeper in the works. In August 1866 he married *MARY CAIZLEY*, now dead, and in November of the same year the petitioner, without the lapse of a decent interval, made her appearance in the world. The marriage was concealed from old *Mr. USHER*, and the child was registered as *MARY COULSON*, daughter of *RALPH COULSON*, commercial traveller. It was not unnatural in the circumstances that the marriage should be a secret one, and that *THOMAS USHER* was apparently kept in the dark till after *MARY* had been born. But the oddest part of a very odd story is the production of an entry from the *Tynemouth Register*, which purported to describe the birth of a girl at 10 Bedford Street, *Tynemouth*. The Christian name was given as *MARY*, the father was called *RALPH USHER*, "timekeeper at iron-works," the mother a *MARY USHER*, formerly *CAIZLEY*. Her father was declared to be the informant, and the date of birth was the 12th of November, 1869. No attempt was made at the trial to prove the authenticity of these entries. They were admitted to be false from beginning to end, the house of *USHER* not having suffered any increase in the year 1869. Meanwhile *MARY* had been sent away from home to hide her existence from the knowledge of her grandfather.

What was the history of this forgery? Who committed it, and for what purpose? Such questions are not answered by the evidence, and the explanation can only be the subject of conjecture. The certificate was first obtained by the petitioner, who had been told by her aunt that she was born in 1869. On finding that this was untrue, she abandoned the *Tynemouth Register*, and set up the entry of 1866, which was made at *Newcastle*. It was suggested by *RALPH USHER*'s counsel, not without some support from the Bench, that the *Tynemouth* entry was in the handwriting of *RALPH HUTCHINSON*, *Mrs. BAIN*'s uncle, in whose house she passed most of her childhood. *HUTCHINSON*, however, positively denied that he knew anything about it, although the President thought the similarity of the characters to *HUTCHINSON*'s admitted signature suspicious. *USHER* also disclaimed any acquaintance with the matter. It was proved that until she was twelve years old the petitioner lived with the *HUTCHINSONS*, and that *USHER* paid them three shillings a week for her maintenance. It was sworn that he had repeatedly acknowledged her as his daughter, had given her presents, had written his name in her birthday-book, and had signed himself in letters to her "Your affectionate 'father.'" When she was married he gave a wedding-breakfast, and he sent his second wife to see her after her confinement. To all this mass of testimony *RALPH USHER* opposed the blankest denials. He denied that the petitioner was related to him in any way, and he "had not the slightest 'idea' whose child she was. Why he called himself her father he could not explain. He also pledged his oath, in contradiction to other witnesses, that *MARY CAIZLEY* was not at the time of her marriage about to become a mother. That is not in itself either an unlikely or a discreditable statement for a man to make. But why *RALPH USHER* repudiates his own daughter remains an unsolved puzzle. His first wife has been long dead, and so has his father. His present wife gave evidence in the petitioner's favour. He could hardly have hoped to succeed, and he would have gained nothing if he had succeeded. It is of

course possible that *Mrs. BAIN*, though born in wedlock, was not the child of her mother's husband. But if that were so—and the law of course assumes otherwise—he would hardly have treated her as his daughter for so many years.

## EVERY MAN HIS OWN JUSTICE.

THE majority in the House of Commons, terrified though they are—according to Sir *WILLIAM HARCOURT*, who speaks with undoubted authority on the passion which he ascribes to them—at the prospect of facing the electorate, were, nevertheless, not prepared to propitiate their democratic judges by voting a second reading to *Mr. SEALE HAYNE*'s Bill. Yet were there many beautiful things to be said in favour of the Justices of the Peace Bill, things calculated to go straight home to the great heart of the people, and to win popular votes at the next election for any noodle who could utter them with conviction or any humbug who would repeat them without it. There was, among other things, that blessed maxim, that the candidate for criminal justice should be "in sympathy" with his judges, and its no less blessed converse that the judge should be "in touch" with the class from which the candidate for criminal justice will be most frequently drawn. Then there was that other piece of gnomic wisdom which has already done such valuable service in one form or another at each successive degradation of the franchise: that, even though "the people may make 'mistakes, they would rather bear the burden of them" than not have the power of making them—a dictum framed in delightful indifference to the question whether "the 'people'" who make the mistakes will be identical with "the people" who will have to bear the burden of them. These and other admired *loci* of the democratic orator were all at the disposal of the supporters of the measure, and were freely appealed to in its support. Nevertheless, it was rejected by a majority of 43. As many as 168 members of the House of Commons object to empowering municipal and county councils to appoint "a certain number of justices " of the peace in proportion to the population."

It may be thought disrespectful to the Spirit of the Age to discuss such a measure from a low practical point of view. No doubt it should be enough to lay it down as an absolute abstract truth of the New Humanitarianism that every accused person, actual or potential, ought to be "in sympathy" with his judge, and his judge "in touch" with him; and if anybody argues that this would be a reason for allowing criminals to elect their own judges, he should be rebuked for his flippancy and informed that the process known as *reductio ad absurdum* is in itself an offence to the "high seriousness" of the New Democracy, exposing him who deals in it to the gravest suspicion. If, however, it were permissible to do so, we should like to ask any reader of last Tuesday night's debate on *Mr. SEALE HAYNE*'s Bill whether he can find anywhere within its four corners any real attempt to show that a justice of the peace, selected and appointed by a county or municipal council, would be likely to possess more technical competence than a justice appointed by the Lord Chancellor on the selection of the Lord Lieutenant, or that in point of impartiality he would have any advantage over him, or that in respect of independence he would be even comparable with him. As to the first qualification, it came but little into question in the debate. It seems to be generally and quite rightly assumed that in this respect the two classes of judicial officers would be much on a par. There was not much talk about the "blunders of country justices," perhaps because the supporters of the Bill were wisely mindful of the profound truth that it is human to err, and reflected that men will not be absolutely protected against error by the mere fact that they are not squires, or parsons, or, generally speaking, members of a resident gentry, possessing a certain amount of income or estate. As to the comparative independence of the two classes, that, too, was not very much discussed, probably because it required something more even than the ordinary argumentative hardihood of the Radical to contend that elective or quasi-elective judges are likely to be more independent and upright than judges appointed by the Lord Chancellor. And as for impartiality, why the almost avowed object of the Bill is *not* to secure impartial justices, but—on the wholly groundless plea that the existing bench show partiality on one side—to supply their places with justices who shall show partiality on the other. For that is what the rhetoric about being "in

"sympathy" with the judge and being in touch with the defendant really "boils down" into; and a very unsavoury kind of "stock," at any rate to our taste, it makes. No doubt if our "high-strung young Democrats," who find their operations as strike-leaders so seriously impeded by the "partiality" of the magistrates, can get their way, we shall have elective justices, and the blackleg will perish out of the land. But happily that time is not yet, or not just yet.

#### THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

**I**F anything was needed to arouse the ratepayers of London to a sense of the extreme importance of supporting the Moderate candidates for the new County Council with ceaseless energy, it is the tactics of the promoters of the "London Liberal Campaign." Wherever these restless persons have convoked a meeting there is the Council election before them, and only on Thursday Mr. MUNDELLA told an enraptured audience how he had taken a live peeress in to dinner and tried to bring her to salvation in the matter. The whole movement is nothing but a preparatory course to the general election. Weary of the painful riddle of Home Rule, Mr. STANFELD is mainly content to speak as a Progressive Councillor to Progressive Councilmen. Sir LYON PLAYFAIR by no means rejects the opportunity, and both he and Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE are attended on the platform by their Progressive satellites. The L. L. campaigners are working with one very clear object. They are bent upon proving at the next Council election that what "seemed the out-spoken Liberalism," as the ingenuous *Daily News* puts it, "of the last election" was not a "mere accident." Of course, the Separatist organ knows perfectly well that there was no question before the electors in 1889 of Liberalism, or of MacDougallism, or any other of the fantastic crazes that are now styled Progressive. But the sorry farce is kept up for want of more substantial encouragement of the faithful. The determined resolve, however, of the Radicals to identify the Progressive programme with the Gladstonian cause must be met, without delay, by an organized demonstration on the part of the Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists. At present we have to note far too much of the supineness that retards action. The list of Moderate candidates is, we believe, still incomplete. In several divisions the noise, if not the activity, of the fight is just now confined to the Progressive faction. None too soon is the announcement of the St. James's Hall meeting next Wednesday, when Sir HENRY JAMES proposes to deal with the record of the old Council and to speed the coming of the new. This excellent example should be followed by the Conservatives generally. Big meetings are extremely necessary and imposing; but something more than one or two of them is what is most wanted. In several districts there appears to be no movement whatever. Local effort is needed quite as much as centralized demonstration. The Moderates should organize meetings in every division through the next fortnight, repeated and frequent meetings, forty fighting like one. Perhaps the sluggishness we observe in certain quarters is due to the conviction that the School Board victory may easily be repeated and surpassed on the 5th of March. But it is well to remember that that contest was only successfully carried out after prolonged and careful preparations. Fair as the prospects are, favourable the conditions of the Moderate party in the Council election, it would be nothing less than the grossest stupidity to neglect a single precaution or relax endeavour for a single moment. Over-confidence in your own strength is at least as great a folly as underrating the resources of the enemy, especially their fertility in misrepresentation, and its mischievous effects on the uninstructed.

Sir HENRY JAMES, we do not doubt, will satisfy all moderate men by his review of the work of the present Council as completely as he has satisfied Lord COMPTON by his neat rejoinder to the long-winded manifesto addressed to him by Lord COMPTON. Sir HENRY JAMES was not to be drawn into a discussion upon his correspondent's roseate retrospect of the proceedings of an incorruptible, almost fanatical, Council. It was enough for him to point out that he had never charged the Council, nor any member of it, with "unscrupulousness," and that it had been better if Lord COMPTON had appealed to the true author of the charge.

In the meanwhile it is amusing to note that the *Daily News*, with foresight that Lord COMPTON might envy, insinuates the strange discovery that the Local Government Act introduced by Mr. RITCHIE was purely a party measure. The time was when the Separatist organ looked less unkindly upon that Act. However, it now discovers that the County Council was set up by the Tories in the confident expectation that it would prove Conservative. Hence, it argues, the "Aldermanic dodge"—Aldermen, as the *Daily News* is well aware, being always Tories. And when the election of a majority of high-toned non-political members occurred, and suddenly assumed the appearance of outspoken Liberalism, the astonishment of everybody was unbounded. And when these magnanimous persons proceeded to throw off the pure white robes of their candidature, and practised the Aldermanic dodge, *sans phrase*—oh, what a surprise! Nothing more exhilarating than this transformation trick is to be found in modern political history. The holy raptures of the *Daily News* extend, indeed, over the entire record of the County Council. The vagaries, frolics, antics, of all and sundry of the Progressive actors, all, all are charming. "It has been delightful," such is the ecstatic verdict of this candid reviewer. The ratepayers will probably count the delights of the show a trifle thin and excessively expensive. They may regret that Mr. RITCHIE had not really devised an Aldermanic dodge, instead of leaving its invention to the *Daily News*. The plain person, less anxious about the morals of others, may regard the action of these non-political Councillors as a pretty illustration of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. That mysterious Aldermanic balloting resulted in the very thing that Sir CHARLES RUSSELL thought so extremely improbable when dealing with what he described as the really effective part of Mr. SEALE-HAYNE's proposed measure for appointing Justices of the Peace. Politics would go for nought, Sir CHARLES anticipated, if County Councils exercised the power of electing magistrates. If the majority of any County Council were to abuse their powers by using them solely for the advancement of their own party, their action would be infallibly resented by the constituency. Such is Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's view of the question. It is extremely doubtful if there is not as little safeguard in the resentment as there is satisfaction. To Progressive minds the election of magistrates by the County Council may seem a small matter compared with some of the items of their programme. Perhaps it is already included among the "demands" of some new and improved programme. Fortunately, before they can give effect to their demands for more powers, the Progressive Board will have to receive the judgment of the London ratepayers as to their scandalous misuse of the powers entrusted to them. Too long have they braved the resentment of the constituency, and it will be inexplicable if they are not forced to feel it to the uttermost.

#### WEDNESDAY'S SPEECHES.

**A**CTORS are understood to seek amusement on their "nights off" by going to the theatre as spectators. The taste is perhaps a singular one, but it is at any rate voluntarily indulged. If the actor, instead of forming one of an audience on his leisure evenings, were compelled to take part, whether he liked it or not, in amateur theatricals, he would indeed be an object of compassion; and in respect of his freedom from any such depressing *covée*, his state is undoubtedly more gracious than that of the leading politician with a general election in sight. It is not, indeed, to be expected—or, at least, we hope not—that all the Wednesday nights, or the greater number of them, between now and the dissolution will be even as last Wednesday night, but more abundant. Still, they are likely, we imagine, to repeat its history pretty frequently, and the outlook, it must be confessed, is a rather formidable one. It is a little startling to find on the second Wednesday evening in the Session no fewer than three out of the four foremost debaters in the House of Commons addressing audiences from the platforms. True it is that from one of them, Sir WILLIAM HARROD, a speech was distinctly owing, in spite of his having, as he said, made two already; and if he prefers pretending to answer awkward criticisms elsewhere than in the House of Commons to really answering them within its walls—well, the preference is quite an intelligible one. It was shared with him by the gentleman who liked to fight his duels in an adjoining room to his adversary. Sir WILLIAM endeavoured

to make up for the slight lack of dramatic interest about the encounter by more than usually noisy clowning to an audience in Whitechapel. But Sir WILLIAM may break his bauble with his antics, and shake the bells from his cap, before he gives us anything half so funny as his performance on Monday last, between the hours of 10 P.M. and midnight.

Mr. BALFOUR's speech at the Constitutional Club may perhaps have assisted some of the rival orator's hearers to understand the difficulty in which he found himself. His particularly shameless pretence at Whitechapel that there was really nothing for him to answer in Mr. REDMOND's speech is one which is better exposed by an address delivered under such conditions as that of the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY last Wednesday night than in any other way. Many people who do not follow the Parliamentary debates with any very close attention will take care not to miss an after-dinner speech of Mr. BALFOUR's; and with all respect to Mr. REDMOND, who has undoubtedly displayed good quality already as a debater, his case is more likely to gain than lose from its second presentation by the leader of the House of Commons. The Gladstonian dilemma, as Mr. BALFOUR rightly calls it, has, of course, been often pointed out before in these columns and elsewhere; but it is, no doubt, true, as he has observed, that it is now being brought home with a new force to the perceptions of the public. For months to come, or, at any rate, for the whole time which has to elapse before the dissolution, the electors of Great Britain will have before them the question, Who are to be the dupes of the Gladstonians at the next election? The English or the Irish people? To which of the two is the word of promise to be kept to the ear and broken to the hope? Which of them is destined to find that the Home Rule policy, for the furtherance of which their votes have been given to Mr. GLADSTONE, is a fraud and an imposture? That is a question which will grow in prominence and urgency as the days go on, whatever efforts Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and his friends may make to "burke" it; and it is one which, so far as the Home Rule cry may influence the election at all, can scarcely be passed over by even the most careless elector. Many of us, however, will watch with considerably more of interest the course of a totally different controversy; and will heartily wish success to the efforts of that body which was so vigorously addressed on Wednesday afternoon by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and the Duke of DEVONSHIRE. After all, the work before the Rural Labourers' League is very similar to that in which the supporters of the Union are engaged as against the Home Rulers. In other words, it is an attempt to prevent the agricultural voter being duped in his turn; and every honest man in the country, whatever his politics, will wish equally well to both undertakings.

#### SMOKE.

YOUNG Russia, as described in TOURGUENIEFF's famous novel, appears to have a typical representative in the person of Prince ALEXIS SOTTYKOFF, aged twenty-three. The MASTER of the ROLLS, who is not a literary artist, describes him as "an extravagant, foolish, and reckless boy." He certainly seems to be fond of ordering jewelry; more fond, indeed, if the charge against him be true, of ordering it than of paying for it. He is also much attached to his native country, and objects to leaving it for the purpose of giving evidence in an English court of justice. Indeed, the affection is said to be mutual, and the Court of Appeal was informed that the Russian Government could not spare the Prince. The dispute in which Prince ALEXIS has involved himself with Mr. EMANUEL of Bond Street raises questions of private international law, which may be interesting even to those who have never been extravagant or reckless, and who are no longer boys. Mr. EMANUEL's claim, which has not yet been submitted to a jury, is for a sum of three thousand six hundred pounds odd, and there is also a claim by another plaintiff, Mr. MARGRETT, for about sixteen hundred pounds. One peculiarity of Mr. EMANUEL's little bill is that none of the articles—which include "a diamond-mounted parasol with monogram"—were delivered, except a silver-mounted dressing-bag, and that was a present to a lady in England. Even a sapphire "and brilliant necklace," valued at more than three thousand pounds, remains in Mr. EMANUEL's possession, though he is not unnaturally anxious to dispose of it at the stipulated price. These goods were ordered, if at all,

in Berlin, where neither of the parties is proved to have been domiciled. The date assigned to the transaction is the 25th of January, 1890, when Prince ALEXIS SOTTYKOFF had just come of age. The articles of jewelry supplied by Mr. MARGRETT were bought in England and were delivered. But the defendant pleads, in the first place, that he has already paid for them; and, in the second place, that, having purchased them in 1889, before he attained his majority, he is not liable by English law unless they are necessities of life. In Russia, if we may accept the authority of Mr. GREENE, Q.C., a custom exists that rich young men on coming of age should make gifts to their friends. At Eton a custom formerly existed that when a boy left the school his friends should give him a number of books with expensive bindings. We are not aware that any judge was ever called upon to decide whether this now obsolete practice converted a smartly bound copy of somebody on Domestic Birds into a necessity of existence. Perhaps the judgment would have depended upon where the judge was raised.

These, however, are questions which have still to be determined, and the action is not yet ripe for hearing. The reckless, extravagant, and foolish boy, who has, it may be parenthetically observed, an income of sixty thousand a year, with eighteen years' accumulations during his minority, desires to be examined in St. Petersburg on commission. The Master, the Judge in Chambers, and the Divisional Court refused him this indulgence, apparently thinking that if he could go to Berlin he could come to London. The Court of Appeal has unanimously set aside all these decisions, and has ordered that the commission shall be issued. Lord Justice FRY pointed out that the case was one which ought to be sifted to the bottom, and that it should not be tried without the evidence of the defendant. Lord ESHER considered that the Divisional Court had treated the Prince as a mere witness, forgetting that he was not only the defendant, but a foreigner, sued against his will before an English tribunal. A foreign plaintiff is, of course, in a different position. If he chose to invoke the aid of the QUEEN'S Courts, he is expected to appear, and offer himself for cross-examination. Wherever Prince ALEXIS may have hitherto wandered, he is now settled in his own land, and his paternal ruler will not, he says, suffer him to leave it. On the other hand, Mr. EMANUEL can hardly be expected to visit the dominions of the Great CZAR. When a highly respectable member of Parliament travelled in Russia, before the recent persecutions, he was provided with what purported to be a series of local safe-conducts; and, not being conversant with the Russian tongue, it was some time before he discovered that each of these documents was an order for the conveyance of "the Jew So-and-so" to the nearest frontier. Mr. EMANUEL can prove his own case here without the assistance of the defendant, and he is not likely to be pressed for money. Commissions, though they furnish employment for young barristers, and give them opportunities for seeing the world, are costly and troublesome things. Moreover, if a witness examined on commission refuses to answer, there is nothing to be done with him; and if Prince ALEXIS were minded to commit perjury—an hypothesis we only make for argumentative purposes—he might do so with practical impunity. The decree of the Court is probably just. But it seems a pity that the nations cannot introduce into the law of contract some of that reciprocity which they have established in the law of crimes.

#### MR. BALFOUR'S BILL.

THE horseplay and loud vacant laughter with which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and the Nationalists received Mr. BALFOUR's Bill are a form of the Whitechapel style. To borrow a useful term from theatrical slang, the deputy Leader of the Gladstonians and his Irish allies exerted themselves to *guy* the Bill. With persons to whom work of this kind is congenial, it is also exceedingly easy, and can be turned out on even the most considerable scale as pleasantly as any other form of empty noise. It has the advantage, which must be peculiarly valuable to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT at present, that it is hardly answerable except by methods which are not permitted in Parliaments. Guffawing, howling, and abuse are not argument, and cannot be answered by argument. After certain incidents earlier in the week, we can quite understand why they seem to Sir WILLIAM

HARCOURT to be so preferable to weapons which can be used by his opponents as well as by himself at all times, and can at the present be used by them with greater convenience and effect. MR. BALFOUR cannot expect to silence—there is, of course, no question of convincing—disputants who either merely shout modifications of the popular and simple taunt, “You think yourself a clever fellow, don’t you?” or indulge, as the Nationalist members did, in mere abuse. Opposition of this kind simply proves the intention to oppose. If MR. BALFOUR hoped to remove the objections of those who have believed neither in the wisdom nor in the necessity of introducing any Irish Local Government Bill, nor in the possibility of constructing any such measure so as to avoid intensifying evils, and weakening what securities there are for good government in Ireland, we cannot but think that he will be disappointed. Those who have been indifferent all along to the contention that a Bill must be introduced because something of the kind was promised will not be moved by it now; and there was little else in the way of justification of the introduction of the measure in MR. BALFOUR’s speech. We cannot accept his assertion that no political dangers can arise out of the formation of County Councils in Ireland as more than a proof of the confidence which MR. BALFOUR thinks it right to assume. We should be sorry to limit the use which may be made of County Councils in Ireland. MR. BALFOUR has not explained how he hopes to reconcile an electorate of which the vast majority is hostile to the Union, and is interested in corruption and extravagance, as he himself allows, with the use of power for legitimate purposes only, and good administration.

Little, however, as we like the policy of the Bill, or are able to see the justification for its introduction, we are prepared to give it a certain measure of praise. It is ingenious, and, if some rather considerable “ifs” are conceded, it may be allowed to be perhaps workable. If the Bill is passed as it is; if, when passed, no further tampering with it is permitted; if the guarantees and safeguards are sedulously kept up and enforced—there is a possibility that it may do no more harm than must inevitably be done when the management of local affairs is taken from hands which are allowed to be competent and transferred to hands which are known to be nothing of the kind, and to be thoroughly docile to the directions of intriguers. It is to the credit of the Bill that it contains no fancy franchises and no attempts to exercise control over the brute-power of a majority by means of mere *Chinoiseries*. The cumulative vote will give minorities a chance to be represented, though whether they will avail themselves of it, for the mere purpose of being outvoted with a little more form, and insulted through their representative, is a question. The two checks on pure misconduct which MR. BALFOUR has introduced will—on the conditions which we have already named—be at least capable of being applied with effect. The adoption from the Scotch Local Government Bill of a Committee composed of persons who are not interested in extravagance, and to whom will be given the power over capital expenditure and permanent charges, is good. But the safeguard which has been at once taken by the Opposition as the test, and that part of the measure against which they can raise an outcry with the best prospect of success, is much more efficacious. Possibly a sense of its efficacy accounts for the boisterous contempt of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and the hysterical giggling of the Nationalist members. If twenty cess-payers bring the proceedings of a County Council before two judges, it is a self-evident proposition that the County Councillors will have a very strong motive not to offend twenty cess-payers. The Opposition, we note, asks, with the air of one who thinks himself unanswerable, why, if this judicial control is to be exercised in Ireland, is it not to be also exercised in England and Scotland? We really do not know that there is any answer to this except another “Why ‘not?’” We have seen County Councillors who would have been much the better for an ever-present consciousness of their liability to appear before two judges.

#### FINALMARINA.

TWO limpid torrents, snow-clad hills, and the lazy waves of the Ligurian Sea, form the frame of one of those delightful little holes with which the Riviera di Genova is studded, and which are generally spoken of as “paesetti di 4,000 anime colle orniche”—four thousand inhabitants counting the ants! Inno-

cent of all contact with the fiend of the circular ticket, Finalmarina is a type from amongst all of these *paesetti*. The whole place might be put half a dozen times into Hyde Park, but you wander through it with increasing amazement, and before you have time to say “Peter Robinson!” you are in love with the toy city, and vow it the quaintest *boîte à surprises* you ever stumbled on. Finalmarina is little more than a village to-day, but it has a venerable record and a history which goes as far back as the beginning of the Christian era. The data of that history have to be collected from the mouths of the Finalesi or the documents in the *municipio*; one cannot get at either without trouble, but there is ample compensation for it in the delight of turning over ten centuries of chronicles, in the pleasure of a visit to the Superior of the Capuchin Convent, and the chats with the descendants of the oldest Finalesi families.

The boast of the inhabitants is that they were the first of the Ligurian seas to embrace the true faith, and that the special object of their adoration has been and is the Holy Virgin, *gran madre dei Liguri*. And, in truth, there is hardly a house in the place and for miles around that does not show the traces, if not the proofs, of that devotion; here is a Madonna in a niche over the gate, here is a fine rilievo of the Salutation over an arch, here the entire black stone frame of humble doors is carved and repeats tenfold the venerated likeness; and, as a matter of fact, the whole of Liguria was officially consecrated to the Holy Virgin in 1637, when, on the 25th of March, the Doge of Genoa, Francesco Brignole, offered the crown, the sceptre, and the keys of the city, during a solemn service at S. Lorenzo, to the Cardinal Domenico Spinola.

First, a Roman station under the name of Pollupice, then infested with the ancient Marquises of Finale (A.D. 967), under the rule of the Marquises del Carretto, then successively under the Imperial, Spanish, Genoese, and French rule, Finalmarina bears until to-day the traces of all these dominations. It is not quite clear by what philological process *Pollupice* has been changed into *Finalmarina*; not even by applying the famous German process of deriving *Fuchs* from *alopex* (*alopex*, *loplex*, *opex*, *pex*, *pix*, *pax*, *pux* = *Fuchs*) can we come anywhere near it; but as the point seems a sore one with the antiquaries of the place, let us take the fact for granted. Nor is it quite clear at what precise date, a couple of centuries more or less, the change of name happened; but, having come across a mention of *Finalium in ora maris inter Sabatia et Albigannum* in an investiture of the twelfth century (1162), given by the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa to Enrico il Forte, Marchese del Carretto, we may safely presume that our actual Finalmarina was already then in existence and faring pretty well—nay, even more, alive and kicking, for that is what we find under the date of 1127:—“Avendo la Repubblica di Genova una rispettabile forza marittima intimò ai Finalesi che navigando fra Corvo e Monaco, non potessero [sic] entrare in altro porto fuori quello di Genova, pretendendo essa di dominare sopra tutte il mare Ligure; perciò i Finalesi armarono le loro forze marittime, e non fecero punto caso di tale ingiusta intimazione.” Served Genoa right.

In 1396 a fine castle is built by the Sires of Carretto, and its beautiful turrets and high walls in zigzag charm the eye until this day, whilst the bold way in which, perched on rocks by the seaside, it dominates the city quite justifies its name, Castelfranco. To-day it is, alas! a convalescent home for the *galeotti*, the convicts, the *bogno penale* being further north in Finalborgo, the old capital of the marquise, partly in the ancient convent of St. Catherine and partly in Castello Gavone, built in 1449 by the Marchese Giovanni. From 1538 to 1598 the beloved subjects of the reigning house have been amusing themselves by quarrelling with Genoa, and expelling a reigning marquis now and then, until the last heir of the house, Andrea Sforza, sells his rights to Philip II. of Spain for 24,000 ducats yearly and the title of prince. In 1713 Finale is bought by the Republic of Genoa *per un milione e duecento mila pezzi forti*, and—enough of history. The remains of the marquise to-day comprise Finalmarina, Finalborgo, and Finalpia; the last named is but a village, still it possesses a beautiful church, and five very well-preserved Roman bridges. Finalborgo has kept admirably its medieval physiognomy, and but for the people one meets and the hideous modern shops the illusion would be complete. But Finalmarina is the gem of the triad. Of its six churches, the *chiesa plebana* of St. John the Baptist, with its fine white marble *gradinata* and sixteen superb columns, its glorious dome and frescoes, altars, font, statues, &c., is worth visiting and revisiting. The Palazzo Buraggi on the *spiaggia* is a marvel of architecture, despite its dilapidated condition; a triumphal arch, on which the arms of Spain shine yet in all the splendour of heraldic colours and metals, giving access to what must have been the public square, Castelfranco, the Capuchin convent, the antediluvian grottoes, the queer little streets, and the innumerable fruit-gardens, full of trees bowing under the weight of oranges, citrons, lemons,

&c.—and all these sights within a walk of ten minutes—all this is really enchanting. The climate of Finalmarina is delightful, and there is a bathing season in the summer. The people all speak Italian, and are civil, though rather full of unusual ways in their dealings. There is hardly a fisherman's family that does not possess something that an antiquarian with an American eye might not covet—old majolicas, old wax figures, terra-cotta shop-signs and emblems, a profusion of old Spanish arms, laces, parchments, and what not, are to be found everywhere. A Finalese does not mind selling his treasures; but it is a different matter to get him to show you what he has for sale. The *armajuolo* of the place is a great expert in antiquities, which are all for him *per lo meno del cinquecento*, and there you may get a fine Toledo blade or a pistol inlaid with brass for a few francs, provided you know how to get round him. But what is one to do with a *negoziante in generi*, Anglèse grocer, who will not sell certain things he has for sale? or a stationer who will not put a price on his goods? or a caffettiere who will not get up to give you a cup of coffee? As to the principal caffè of the place, there is nothing in it in the way of refreshments; nobody asks for anything, and nobody cares to take your orders; the customers smoke, play cards, and gossip.

On the other side the place is not quite such a Sleepy Hollow; there is very good drinking water, excellent cooking and wine in the first and only hotel (the old Palazzo Ruffini), a hospital, an orphan school, two fine and renowned colleges, a *collegiata*, several modern *palazzine* decorated al fresco, a pretty opera-house (Teatro Civico Sivori), and—out of all things—electric light everywhere! Nor must it be thought that the Finalesi have waited all this time for recognition on the part of England; we read in the archives of Finalmarina the following *inNarrabile* record:—“Nel 1745 ai 27 di Settembre si presentò dinanzi a Finale una squadra inglese di undici vaselli di linea con quattro bombarde. Le navi tirarono contro la popolazione circa trecento colpi di canone, e le bombarde duecentotrentasei bombe, ed avendo le fortificazioni di terra sempre risposto con vigore, la squadra si ritirò.” There now! We hasten, however, to say that all ill-feeling is now a thing of the past, and that, far from bearing the English any grudge for the above-mentioned doings of their *squadra*, the Finalmarinesi applaud now in the *Lucia di Lammermoor* a lady fully described on the *cartellone* as “distinta prima donna inglese.”

#### THE NEW STAR IN THE MILKY WAY.

A “NEW STAR” is a representative of a class of phenomena so rare that the number recorded during the last few centuries may be counted on the fingers. Hence we readily conceive that, since they are very striking in themselves as breaking the monotony of the starry heavens, and since also their nature was considered till quite recently to be shrouded in mystery, a most lively interest has been stirred up by the recent new arrival, not only among astronomers, but among that large class who are always on the *qui vive* for celestial wonders.

When tortured by the many instruments which modern science places at the observer's disposal, a new star is quite a thing *per se*; while at times their brilliancy is extraordinary, some of these “new stars” having rivalled both Mars and Jupiter in brightness, and even sometimes Venus.

The time that they take to wax and to wane varies very considerably; some have lasted at their greatest brightness only for days, others have remained visible for months or occasionally for years. It generally happens that a “new star” when first seen is brightest, and many have thought that this is simply because the star is at the stage most likely to be noticed by us; but this may not be the entire truth, as can be gathered from a consideration of the various views which have been put forward as to their nature.

Among the many hypotheses that have been suggested to explain how it is that these strange bodies make their appearance from time to time, we may first of all mention that which supposed them due to the sudden colliding of a comet with a star; another theory assumed that a star at some period of its existence became enveloped in a kind of crust or slag, which by some cause or other became disrupted, and revealed the glowing mass within.

Both these hypotheses, although they might to a certain degree explain the sudden brightness of the star, would not hold good with regard to the rapid diminution of its light, because, if large bodies are dealt with, the cooling must take a very long time.

The latest view put forward is, that these bodies are produced by the sudden meeting in space of two swarms or streams of meteoritic matter, each travelling with a considerable velocity, the sudden bright light being due to the collisions of the particles composing

the swarms: and this hypothesis explains very well not only the sudden outburst, but the rapid decrease in brightness, due to the fact that only small particles are dealt with, and these must cool and dim quickly.

The appearance of the present new star, or “Nova,” in the constellation of Auriga, was first announced by an anonymous postcard received at the Royal Observatory, Edinburgh. Why the postcard was sent anonymously remains a mystery; but the extraordinary reticence of the writer does not make any difference to the immortality of the discoverer; for while, on the one hand, newly-discovered comets, which are also of an apparently temporary nature, are always associated with the names of those who first observe them, new stars, on the other hand, are always referred to by the name of the constellation in which they appear.

The instrument now used to obtain observations of these strange visitors consists of a combination of an object-glass; a prism, which is placed outside the object-glass, and a camera. The function of the prism is to separate the million strands of coloured light which go to make white light; that of the object-glass is to collect each colour, concentrating it at the same time, so that finally we get a fine line of rainbow colour.

This method of obtaining a spectrum is by no means modern, but was suggested and used by the German optician Fraunhofer about the year 1814. He placed a prism before the object-glass of a theodolite, and in this way was the first to observe the spectra of some of the stars. By the use of this method, whether the eye or the photographic plate is used, the so-called “spectrum” of the body under observation can be studied without any difficulty. The length of the exposures required when photography is employed for stars of different magnitudes varies very considerably; for the brightest a few minutes are generally ample, but for those of much smaller magnitude a space of two or three hours is by no means too long.

The spectra that are thus obtained are of various kinds, as various classes of so-called stars are observed. Some consist of bright lines on a dark background, others of dark lines on a bright background, while a mixture of both these is met with. These variations in spectra depend upon the fact that any substance that is heated sufficiently to emit light, whether in the heavens or on the earth, will give a spectrum. If it be a solid or liquid body, we shall have what is called a continuous spectrum—that is, a coloured band bright from end to end, with no sign of any dark or bright lines about it. By continuing to heat this body until it becomes a mass of incandescent gas, the spectrum will become entirely changed, and will consist of a series of bright lines on a dark background, the number and position of the lines depending on the substance heated. But suppose, now, that the light from an incandescent solid or liquid body passes through a gas, what kind of a spectrum should we have? Experiment shows that in this case we get a continuous spectrum crossed by dark lines, these dark lines being produced by the peculiar power that gas possesses of absorbing those particular rays of light which it emits. Thus we see that if we are dealing with incandescent solid or liquid bodies we obtain continuous spectra; if with incandescent gases bright-line spectra, and if with absorption dark-line spectra; the position of the lines in all cases revealing the chemical nature of the substances.

So much, then, for the general idea of the nature of a spectrum. There are some additional points to be considered when we are dealing with stars. If we observe the spectrum of a star at rest, we shall obtain lines, whether bright or dark, in their normal place in the spectrum. These lines will be peculiar to certain substances, and, in fact, their presence in the star is determined simply by them. If we deal with the light from a body which is not an apparent *point*, the lines will still keep the same positions, for the same reason, but each one of them will be broadened equally.

Let us now suppose the star no longer stationary, but moving with a considerable velocity. In this case the wave length of each line will be no longer the same; but the line will have altered its position in the spectrum to an extent depending on the movement of the star towards or from the earth. The result produced in the spectrum will be the same with regard to the number of lines as was the case when the star was assumed to be motionless; but the lines will all have received a slight shift, either to one side or the other of their initial positions, according as the star is approaching or receding. If instead of one we now deal with two stars of the same chemical and physical structure, travelling with different velocities, either towards or away from us, the spectrum would show each line doubled, and the more rapid the relative motion the coarser will be the doubling. If the stars were so physically constituted that the same chemical substances were present in both, but giving bright lines in one and dark lines in the other, the spectrum would present a series of bright lines each accompanied

by a dark one, on one side or the other, according as the body which contained dark lines in its spectrum was approaching the earth or receding from it.

After this very brief statement of general principles, we can now refer to the observations that have already been made with regard to the spectrum of the present new star, observations unique in astronomical history, and of the highest importance and interest. It has been found to consist of both light and dark lines. The fact that pairs of bright and dark lines are seen proves that two bodies are in question. If we suppose two swarms of meteors colliding in space, the spectrum can be easily explained on this assumption in the light of the general principles referred to above. Further, the thickness of the lines tends to show that each one is produced by a large number of small incandescent masses moving at different velocities, rather than by one large one. The motion necessary to produce the doubling of these lines has been estimated, and the relative velocity of the two swarms has been put down as more than 500 miles per second!

If the photographs should continue to show the same relative positions of the bright and dark lines, the observations would prove that this relative motion is not produced by the revolution of one body round another, but that a dense swarm of meteorites is moving towards the earth with a high velocity, and passing through another receding one of less density.

It will be seen that the observations harmonize well with the hypothesis that has been advanced on much less definite evidence; but this is not the only instance we can give of the grip that modern science has on large classes of phenomena which were supposed to be beyond the reach of man. The lines that have been photographed in the spectrum of this star are all such as could have been predicted with our knowledge of new stars.

As an instance of the advanced stage at which astro-physical science has arrived we may say that, if we had no observations of new stars other than those already recorded of the present one, their whole theory could be obtained by induction. This may seem a "sweeping statement," but it is nevertheless true, for since many so-called "stars" are now known not to be "stars" like our sun, but simply clouds of meteoritic bodies clashing together, and since we know approximately the sequence of changes through which the spectra of these stars pass as their temperature is first increased and then reduced, each spectrum indicates the complexity of each swarm.

We have already seen that the doubling of the bright and dark lines indicates that we are dealing with two swarms in the present instance, one approaching and the other receding; we now learn that the condensation at which each of these swarms exists can be approximately determined; that which gives us the dark lines is denser than the one which gives us the bright ones.

In conclusion, it may be well to point out a difference of some importance between comets and these new stars. A comet, as is generally conceded, consists of a cloud of meteoritic dust travelling round the sun sometimes in elliptic but more often in a parabolic or hyperbolic orbit; in other words, those travelling in elliptic orbits have been captured by the sun and return to it periodically, while those pursuing a parabolic or hyperbolic orbit after one passage near the sun are for ever lost to us.

Thus a comet with an elliptic orbit may be said to be member of the solar system, and on this account can approach very near to our earth; and in fact our earth has even passed through one, giving rise to the phenomena of a great number of shooting stars.

A new star, on the other hand, *never* approaches our system, but is formed at very great distances from us, distances probably as great as that of the nearest star, so that light, which travels 186,000 miles per second, takes about thirty years to complete its journey to us. Our new star then is already old.

#### EXHIBITIONS.

IT is not the fault of Messrs. Agnew & Son if their "Annual Exhibition of Selected High-class Water-Colour Drawings" becomes more dispiriting every year. No doubt the examples of George Barret and J. B. Pyne, of Cattermole and W. Müller, have been selected as carefully in 1892 as they were six-and-twenty years ago. It is the public that has changed, not the Messrs. Agnew. But surely it is time that we, if not they, should recognize the change. The axe is laid to the foot of Barret, the bittern hath made Cattermole her haunt. Even a better sort of little old English master is losing hold upon us. De Wint has to be very sparkling, David Cox must be absolutely at his best, to detain the exhausted attention. The examples of these greater painters now on view in Old Bond Street are doubtless "high-class"; but are they attractive? Special prominence is given to the "Barden Towers" (34) of David Cox and the "Dunster" (36) of De Wint. But neither of these, deprived

of its conventional or traditional charm, is a good work of art. The "Barden Towers" is flat, hot, unnatural, without the freshness of life. The "Dunster" is ill-composed, full of liberties taken with the locality in order to improve nature, scenic, unreal. Very few drawings of the early school in this exhibition are calculated to give us any but an antiquarian pleasure. Among the Samuel Prouts, "Le Gros Horloge, Rouen" (32) has genuine beauty, in its Chinese way. There is something very delicate and modern about the blue distance in Copley Fielding's "On the Downs" (29). A very fine chalk drawing called "The Alarm" (26), a stag throwing back his head and bellowing, shows what an artist Sir Edwin Landseer could be when he was not tied down by his conventions as a painter. Among many tedious Turners, the "Colchester" (177), with its cluster of vapoury trees on the height, has real charm of atmospheric effect.

An attempt is given at Messrs. Agnew's Gallery to brighten up these poor old classic water-colours by an admixture of very modern drawings. The experiment is not a success. The new wine of Heilbuth or Burne Jones bursts the Cattermole and Birket Foster bottle. Here are certain individual drawings, not new to us indeed, but very interesting. D. G. Rossetti's "Hamlet discovering the Madness of Ophelia" (195), dated 1864, unfolds a patch of brilliant colour, like the wing of a macaw, over Mr. Alma Tadema's soberly hued "Roman Artist" (196). Mr. Burne Jones is represented by his "Pyramus and Thisbe" (76), and "Cupid and Psyche" (86). A minute square drawing attributed to Sir Frederick Leighton, "A Roman Lady" (224), is a blaze of sumptuous colour, and finished very highly. Among the modern landscapes are to be noticed some charming impressions of old mills and red-roofed villages by Mr. Wilfrid Ball.

At the Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond Street, is exhibited a portfolio of drawings of birds' wings, by Miss E. E. Murray. These represent most of the best-known English birds, and have been painted at various intervals during the last twenty years. We know not how Miss Murray has kept the bushel down over the light of a talent which is really remarkable. The Dutch exactitude of her drawing, the downy look of the feathers, the propriety of the colour, are worthy of great praise. At the same gallery is now on view Professor Herkomer's water-colour drawing of the Duke of Clarence, interesting as a work of art, and doubly pathetic as having been painted immediately before the Duke's fatal illness. In the anæmic pallor of the cheeks and the distressful eyes there are visible, indeed, the very premonitions of death, and, in truth, this clever drawing is almost too painful for public exhibition at the present moment.

At Messrs. Tooth & Sons, 5 and 6 Haymarket, are on view two important works by Mlle. Rosa Bonheur. The earlier and the more remarkable is "Sheep on the Pyrenees," painted in 1871, when the artist was at the height of her power. Under the shelter of a rock a flock of sheep are resting, closely packed together; one brown monitor, disturbed by a sound, has leaped to his feet. A ring of peaks, pushing their bare heads through the snow, surround the mountain-plateau. The dreamy light on these peaks, and the illumination of the rough fleeces of the sheep, are admirable. Less masterly is "Lords of the Herd," which was only painted last year. This represents three tall cattle in a dry pasture below what seems an extinct crater, perhaps of Auvergne. The purple bull in the centre of the group is painted with something of the artist's old vigour.

At the Hanover Gallery, 47 New Bond Street, has been formed a collection of pictures, mainly Continental, among which a colossal decorative piece by the late Hans Makart altogether predominates by its size and "loudness." This is "The Triumph of Ariadne" (25), which was painted in the vast studio which the Austrian Government built for Makart in Vienna. Nearly twenty figures—nymphs, babes, aged satyrs—all life-size, unite in conducting the car of Ariadne, to whom the youthful Bacchus looks up with ardent eyes. The composition has little of the repose of Titian or Veronese, with each of whom the Austrian painter is evidently competing. But the colour glows, the modelling of the gross figures is full of power, and we are conscious of the presence of a genuine, though a somewhat sensual and unsympathetic, talent. It is certainly a fault that, in treating a composition which is devised in the spirit of Poussin, the painter has attempted an almost violent realism. We can hardly tolerate all these luscious nudities, unredeemed by the selective hand of style.

Everything else looks small and pale beside this huge riot of the senses; but, if we can detach our attention, we find some charming things at the Hanover Gallery; several very pleasing Corots, especially "Woodland at Close of Day" (46); a fine Jules Dupré, "The Storm" (40); a dark and harmonious Von Marcke, "Cattle in Stable" (22), crushed under the very shadow of the Hans Makart; a beautiful example of Rosa Bonheur, "Ploughing" (48), two sleek and gentle bullocks of the Berri

resting after their labours, and fixing their lustrous eyes on children who venture forward to feed them. A little cabinet picture by J. F. Millet, "Peasants gathering Fuel" (74), and a fine crayon by the same artist, "La Gardeuse de Vaches" (75) claim and receive the places of honour. There is more art, we are afraid, in a square inch of Millet than in an acre of Makart.

The twenty-seventh exhibition of water-colour drawings at the Dudley Gallery is of fair average merit, but contains no single painting of very remarkable interest. Here we find studies from the model, mainly of the head only, with a fanciful arrangement of drapery; here bits of coast-line, the recurrent bluff in profile, or the inevitable rock-strewn beach; here groups of ships, or expanses of Scotch moorland, or strips of flowery English garden. There is, however, a marked and almost startling absence of the waxy-pink British baby and of the puppies watched by a knowing pug. We cannot but hope that, every English family being now in possession of a picture of a puppy and another of a baby, the demand for these classes of work may for a while prove slack. Mr. Harry Goodwin, who seems to be affected by the happy mannerism of Mr. Albert Goodwin, exhibits some striking views of towns seen from a height. Mrs. Mary Stevens sends several very fresh drawings of flowery meadows in the Engadine. Mr. Walter Severn's large compositions of Scotch scenery are solidly and correctly drawn. There is also, by the same artist and by Mr. W. D. Severn, jun., a curious plan of an imaginary modern battle, called "British Ironclads to the Rescue" (280).

Messrs. Liberty have collected an exhibition of Art Embroideries at 142 Regent Street. These objects are too closely hung round the small room in which they are placed to be seen to advantage, and the antique specimens are rather spoiled by the proximity of harsher modern fabrics, but the exhibition is an interesting one. Some of the moon-white *kimonos*, embroidered with pale pink blossoms, are very delicate, and several of the great golden embroidered hangings present a singular effect of magnificence.

#### YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

**I**N *St. Patrick's Eve* Lever traces much of the demoralization of the Irish peasantry to the vicious relations with their landlords. It was not only that the land was over-rented and overcrowded. But the occupier, whether he had a lease or no, was practically a tenant-at-will, because he was generally deeply indebted for arrears. Of course Lever was speaking of the more wild and lawless Western districts, where the cabins were somewhat worse than good English pigsties, and the tenantry were starving on an unkindly soil. Things were very different, so far as material comfort was concerned, in the Golden Vale and in the rich grazing counties. In Mayo, Clare, and West Cork the land for the most part was sublet, and then broken up into minute subdivisions. In hard times the landlords often made liberal concessions or reductions, but the rent-books were carelessly kept, and the sums remitted were seldom written off. When any trouble arose between landlord and tenant, or when a new agent brought a fresh hand to the bellows, those arrears were an irresistible weapon of oppression. Besides, the leases of barren hill or bottomless bog were overloaded with covenants as to building, planting, draining, &c. These covenants had been rarely or never enforced; nevertheless, the breach of them involved forfeiture. The small Western agriculturist is always backward enough, and fast wedded to his wasteful and primitive practices. But that abiding sense of insecurity effectually checked attempts at improvement. The premium for any "betterment" would probably have been a rise in the rent. "Why should I labour when the benefit can never be mine? The impossibility of ever becoming independent soon suggested that dogged indifference, too often confounded with indolent habits. Sustenance was enough for him who, if he earned more, should surrender it; hence the poor man became chained to his poverty." The poverty which placed him at the mercy of a master bred recklessness besides. A rude survival of the feudal system long prevailed in the districts to the west of the Shannon, where they boasted that the sheriff's writ never ran there. Some of the best stories in *Harry Lorrequer* and *Jack Hinton* are of small squires, pursued or persecuted by the law, who fortified their lonely mansions, organized their dependants in guerilla bands, and kept up outposts on the outlook for the approach of an enemy. As for the greater potentates, from "the earl," or "the knight," or "the county member" downwards, they had their secular enmities and hereditary feuds. They turned the love of the Celt for a free ruction or a faction fight to their own individual profit; and, "if the war of rival factions did not originally spring from the personal quarrels of men of rank and station, who stimulated their followers and adherents to acts of aggression and reprisal, it assuredly was

perpetrated, if not with their concurrence, at least permission." If legal proceedings were taken against the culprits, and if by any chance any of them were caught by the police, the master was bound in honour to do his best to see them scathless. All the influence attaching to his rank and station were brought to bear, and the culprits were ready to supply any amount of perjured testimony. Indeed, even in moral and comparatively civilized Scotland the worthy tenant of Charles-Hope in his Saturday-night consultation with Mr. Pleydell, undertook to bring up any number of favourable witnesses—"folks that had lived a' their days upon the Charles-Hope, and wad na like to see the land lose its right." The result was the degradation of any lingering moral sense, and the feeling that the worst act of violence would be rarely followed by retribution. The man who would have been delighted to crack a neighbour's skull would have shrunk from the obloquy of turning informer. The code of false honour bound them all in a common conspiracy of contingent bloodguiltiness; the swamps and bogs were safe places of refuge; and as for the prospects in a future world, confession with payment of the priests' dues brought free and full absolution.

There are vivid illustrations of that lawlessness in *O'Malley*, where the scenes were laid somewhere in the Clanricarde country. Charley, under the tutelage of the veteran duellist, Considine, his uncle's trusted friend, severely wounds Mr. Bodkin in his maiden duel. Of course, in that bellicose population, the affair is matter of public interest. The victorious combatant with his second are rowing homewards on the wide expanse of the river when a savage mob is seen running to cut them off. "It is too bad," exclaims Considine bitterly. They had shown Bodkin's blood-stained coat on a pole, as the Scotch chieftains sent round their fiery cross, and all the barbarians who vowed allegiance to the wounded duellist had poured out of their cabins and hovels to avenge him. There would undoubtedly have been a double murder in cold blood had not the chieftain of the O'Malleys come to the rescue in the nick of time, mounted upon a charger in martial guise, and heading a flying column of superior strength. And we fancy Sir George Dashwood, the Castle candidate for the representation, must have been greatly surprised at the grim humours of a Galway election. Gallant soldier as he was, he might well have hesitated to face its peculiar perils, and in any case he would have left his daughter in Dublin and spoiled the love-making of that rollicking novel. The after-dinner talk at the table of his worthy host, Mr. Blake, must have given him matter for serious reflection. He would have heard that the chief qualifications of the man or member for Galway were a ready tongue and a readier pistol. And the deliberations of his supporters on the prospects of the poll must have given him new and startling lights on local politics. For the election was rather a question of strategy and tactics than of subtle intrigue and shrewd diplomacy. The electors were mustered in strong corps for mutual protection, and duly equipped with formidable bludgeons. There was a regular staff of officers, nor was the commissariat neglected; and the primary consideration was a superfluity of strong liquors. Skirmishing parties were thrown out to scour the roads; there were post-chaises to be captured and expected outlyers to be kidnapped, besides arrangements, in case of the worst, for sacking the booths and destroying the poll-books. The general scheme of strategy had to be elastic, so that all might be in readiness for either offence or defence. The agent's fee was a high one, yet he was by no means overpaid. For it included compensation for the duels he might, should, or would fight. "The Knocktopher boys won't vote this time," said one gentleman sadly, "so many of them were transported last assizes for perjury!" "They're as decent boys as any in the Barony," answered another indignantly, "they'd be willing to sack the town for fifty shillings' worth of spirits." And the local humours of the election culminated, as far as the feelings of the English candidate were concerned, when his daughter's carriage was carried by a rush of ruffians, and she would have been tossed over the bridge into the torrent had it not been for the chivalrous interposition of the future light dragoon.

Godfrey O'Malley was one of the first and best of Lever's sketches of the Western landlords—sketches which, in subsequent novels, and notably in the *Martins* and *The Knight of Gwynne*, were elaborated into studies. Lever painted these landlords closely from the life, in some instances, as in that of Bagena Daly, scarcely concealing the name under a very transparent disguise. It would have been difficult to exaggerate their characteristic foibles, and even the most ludicrous or extravagant incidents were for the most part founded upon facts. As, for example, when old Godfrey O'Malley, beset in Dublin by creditors and bailiffs, after the dissolution of the Parliament had deprived him of the privilege of snapping his fingers in their faces, decided to hand himself over to the undertakers, and be driven down to Galway in a hearse. When the resus-

citated corpse mounted on the roof of the vehicle to address his constituents on arrival, we doubt not that, if there happened to be any free and independent electors, the success of the practical joke must have gone far to secure him their suffrages. No type of character could appear more fantastically improbable than that of Bagenal Daly. In any other country but the Ireland of his time he would have been either locked up in a lunatic asylum or sent summarily from the assizes to gaol or a scaffold. Yet the eccentricities—to use a very mild word—and the truculent or audacious exploits of "ould Daly," as they won the affection and admiration of his compatriots, were almost faithfully borrowed and transferred from the reckless career of Beauchamp Bagenal, commemorated in the pages of Sir Jonah Barrington. Daly is said to have run through a fortune of 20,000*l.* a year—the income accredited to the eccentric Martin of Ballynabinch, who had likewise rushed headlong to ruin—and we can well believe it. Western Irishmen, like him, had much of the Oriental about them. There was the same contempt for sovereigns and accounts, the same magnificent profusion, the same delight in gorgeous display, and in the semi-barbaric state that entertained troops of useless retainers, who had their clothing and the run of their teeth, but very little besides. The stables were filled with superfluous horses, so that a houseful of guests could be mounted for a hunt at a moment's notice; and if there chanced to be locks on the spacious cellars, the hinges were never suffered to rust.

#### THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION.

SIR WILLIAM MARKBY'S article in the February number of the *Educational Review*, entitled "The University of Oxford and the Indian Civil Service," deserves attention from several sorts of people, and most of all, perhaps, from British parents who think of the Indian Civil Service as a career for their sons. It is a curious example of the limitations besetting human devices, and especially administrative reforms, that after close on forty years of experiments in the selection and training of Indian officials "we have come back exactly to where we started in the year 1853." The story is not a little curious, and no living man is better qualified to tell it than Sir William Markby. During his tenure of office as a judge of the High Court at Calcutta he had considerable opportunities, judicial and extra-judicial, of knowing Bengal civilians of both senior and junior standing, and hearing what sort of work they did. Since his return from India he has been engaged for about ten years, as Reader of Indian Law in the University of Oxford, in directing the special studies of residents bent upon Indian employment. In particular he has been the guide, philosopher, and friend of the "selected candidates" whom the newest regulations have abolished. When we say that in this matter Sir William Markby has done far more, both officially and unofficially, than was in the tenor of his bond with the University, we are merely saying what everybody in Oxford has long known. His opinion therefore is a thoroughly practical one.

The idea of the Committee who framed the first set of regulations, when the system of open competition was established, appears to have been to secure a supply of good candidates of the public school and University type. For this purpose, a laudable one enough, they fixed the maximum age of competition high enough to admit graduates, namely at twenty-three, and gave a large preponderance in the examination to the usual public school and university subjects. "The surest road to success has always been a combination of classics and mathematics." Yet the pick of the Universities did not find its way into the Indian Civil Service, and in the later years of this dispensation only about 12 per cent. of the successful candidates were University men. Sir W. Markby does not discuss the reasons; explanation is not his object. But one obvious reason is that a first-class University man who has not special Indian predilections or connexions will almost always find greater attractions at home. The Bar offers its variety of interest and chances if he is ambitious; if he seeks an immediate competence, a public school mastership or a college lectureship will give it him without the need of a further professional training; then journalism has taken rank as a liberal profession, and is almost as likely to give a good political opening as the Bar; lastly, if he will serve the State, the Treasury and the Education Department are pleasanter than a remote Indian station. No possible adjustment of examinations will alter these facts; and although the attractions of the Bar are in various ways not what they were, we must set off against this the improved position of letters and journalism in both a material and a social point of view. On the whole it must be the second choice of University men who compete for the Indian Civil Service. We do not say they will not make very good officials, in fact it is known that they do;

nay, they may possibly make better working officials than the brilliant scholar who becomes a Professor of Greek, or the mathematician who becomes Astronomer Royal, would have made. But there is no reason to expect men of this stamp to do more than hold their own with keen-witted, self-made men who know that their whole future depends on their own exertion. Considering too that, after all, only a minority of educated Englishmen in all walks of life are graduates of Cambridge or Oxford, the small proportion of University men in the Civil Service of India seems to us less remarkable than Sir William Markby would have it.

However, since the Universities would not flock to the Indian Civil Service, the next thing was to devise how the Indian Civil Service candidates could get the benefit of the Universities. This was effected, not without some difference of opinion, but in accordance with Sir Henry Maine's strongly expressed view, by lowering the age of the first examination and encouraging the selected candidates to reside at either University during their time of probation in England. So far as this arrangement was intended to tap the public schools, it did not succeed to any appreciable extent. Sir William Markby says this was the fault of the schools: which means, we suppose, that the number of boys at English public schools intended for this particular career was not large enough to induce the headmasters to make special provision for them, or the Governing Bodies to insist on such provision being made. But so far as the intention was to confer the advantages of University residence on a considerable proportion of Indian civil servants, the scheme was quite successful. "More than half of the existing Civil Service have passed, some two years and some three," says Sir W. Markby, "at Cambridge or at Oxford, and I have not yet heard any doubt expressed that this has been to their advantage."

Now this system has been abolished, and the original higher limit of age restored, for reasons not clearly explained. Apparently the Government of India found that the selected candidates came out too young; and it is said that the late scheme unduly increased the difficulties of native Indian candidates. The practical question considered by Sir W. Markby is whether the Universities have any chance left of keeping any material part in the education of Indian civilians. Lord Salisbury and Sir H. Maine, in 1875, thought that under the system now reverted to they would not. Sir William Markby respectfully differs, and we think with plausible reason. We may add that Sir H. Maine was a little apt to use alarmist language. Some twelve years ago a Minute of his viewed with "dismay" the prospect of a certain piece of Indian legislation remaining unaccomplished. Some six years ago a Bill on the subject was prepared for the Government of India, but it has not yet been officially introduced, and we believe no one thinks the matter pressing. However, the main point is whether candidates can prepare for their first competition at the Universities as well as in London. If they can, it is clearly better for them that they should. And if difficulties are not thrown in their way, Sir W. Markby thinks that they can. "Give a man a real object to work for, to gain an appointment which will give him a profession and a competence, and he will work as hard at Oxford [or Cambridge] as in London." But if they fail in the competition? Well, they will have had an University education at any rate, and that is more than a man who has read in London and then not succeeded will have had. And, as Sir W. Markby truly says, it will mean a distinctly better chance in the world. The conclusion indicated rather than expressed by Sir W. Markby is that the outcome rests very much with the Universities and Colleges. A little encouragement or a little coolness may make no little difference as between the Universities and other places and modes of study, or as between one University and the other. Trouble taken in securing some share in the education of the rulers of British India will be at least as legitimately spent as on various other objects, more or less connected with the functions of a University, for which University residents find time and even enthusiasm.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

IT is not often that even the American railroad market has a sensation so genuine as that which surprised it last week. Five important railroad Companies connect the anthracite coal-fields of Pennsylvania with New York and the other large Eastern cities. Of the five, the Philadelphia and Reading is the principal; and, besides being a great coal-carrying line, it owns about one-third of the coalfields. Naturally there has been keen competition between the Companies; but a considerable time ago, to put an end to all disputes, a "pool" was formed, determining the proportion of the coal traffic each of the five Companies was to have. Although the Philadelphia and Reading owned one-third of the

coalfields, and therefore seemed entitled to a proportionate share in the traffic, it was allotted much less, and it submitted to the arrangement, because at the time it was in financial difficulties. Since its reconstruction, however, a few years ago, it has been spending large sums upon the improvement of the road-bed, the increase of rolling-stock, and the extension of terminal accommodation, and now it feels itself able to carry much more traffic than is allowed to it by the pool arrangement. A few months ago, therefore, it gave notice that the arrangement must be revised. The other Companies were unwilling to make the concessions demanded by the Philadelphia and Reading, and a war of rates seemed to be inevitable. To prevent this Messrs. Drexel Morgan, who are largely interested in the Philadelphia and Reading, and through whose instrumentality indeed the reconstruction was principally carried out, formed a syndicate of great capitalists, and they quietly bought up so many shares of the Central Railway Company of New Jersey and the Lehigh Valley Company that they were able practically to do what they pleased. Accordingly the Philadelphia and Reading has guaranteed a certain dividend upon the shares of those two Companies, and in return it gets control of them. The remaining two Companies are practically owned by members of the syndicate or their friends, and thus the syndicate controls the whole of the five lines that serve the Pennsylvania anthracite coalfields. The Philadelphia and Reading owning about one-third of the coal-fields, and being besides the principal coal-carrying Company, will, of course, get the lion's share of the profits resulting from this arrangement, and as soon, therefore, as the combination became known there was a wild speculation in the securities of the Company. The shares, on which no dividend has been paid for many years, rose, as we pointed out last week, in about six days from 20*4* to 30*1*, or just 50 per cent. Since then there has been a further rise followed by a reaction, and there has also been a great rise in the other securities, especially in the Income bonds. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has called upon the Government of Pennsylvania to prevent the arrangement being carried out, alleging that it is contrary to the laws of the State; but the general opinion is that nothing practical will come of the demand, because the syndicate which has made the combination is so largely interested in the Pennsylvania Company that it seems probable it can prevent the Company from doing anything very hostile. In fact, the Pennsylvania Company is not very largely interested in the matter. What it fears, no doubt, is that the syndicate may carry out a plan favoured by Mr. Gowen when he was president of the Philadelphia and Reading—namely, extending that line into the iron districts of Pennsylvania, and so becoming a very serious competitor with the Pennsylvania for the most valuable part of the traffic of the latter. The syndicate, however, is so largely interested in the Pennsylvania, that it is extremely improbable anything hostile to that Company will be done, and, therefore, everybody expects that the syndicate will enter into such contracts with the Pennsylvania Company as will satisfy it; and if the Pennsylvania is satisfied, it is not thought likely that the State Government will do much, especially as the syndicate, being immensely wealthy, can, if provoked, make its influence felt in the State elections. The Legislature of New Jersey also has appointed a committee to inquire into the combination, but that likewise is not thought of much consequence. In any event the syndicate has control of the five competing coal-carrying lines, and therefore, either formally or informally, can carry out the combination. Assuming that the syndicate makes terms with the Pennsylvania Company, and with the Government of the State, it has still to satisfy the numerous coalowners throughout the anthracite district. But in its own interest it will, of course, see the necessity of giving the owners fair terms; and it may be assumed also that the syndicate, being composed of men of business, will not run up the price of coal so as to arouse popular opposition to the arrangement. Assuming that it acts with the intelligence which has characterized its operations so far, the syndicate has practically obtained control of the anthracite-coal industry of the United States; and as its members are already the greatest railroad magnates in the United States, it is, beyond all question, the vastest combination that has ever been formed in any country. Directly or indirectly its members control all the principal railroads serving New York, they have almost unlimited power likewise over several of the North-Western and South-Western railroad systems. It is not surprising, therefore, that the combination has greatly impressed the popular imagination, and has led to the belief that we are about to witness before long an extraordinary boom in the American market.

The money market has been somewhat firmer this week, the rate of discount in the open market having advanced to 2*1*/<sub>2</sub> per cent. Partly this is due to the resumption of gold withdrawals, the Bank of England having lost during the week ended Wednesday night 410,000*l*. Also, the Revenue payments are

beginning to tell. But, on the other hand, gold is expected to come in large amounts from the United States, the sterling exchange in New York being now almost at the gold-exporting point. Trade, too, is declining, speculation is stagnant, and the payments out of the Treasury about the middle of March will begin to exceed the receipts. Therefore the Bank of England has not yet obtained control of the outside market, and, unless the gold withdrawals become very large, is hardly likely to do so for a considerable time. The prospect is that money will continue both abundant and cheap for months to come.

There has been a decided recovery this week in the price of silver. Last week it was as low as 41*1*/<sub>2</sub> per oz.; on Wednesday of this week it had risen to 41*11*/<sub>16</sub> per oz., being an advance of  $\frac{1}{16}$  per oz. It seems clear that the fall had been carried too far. Speculators in the United States at length became disengaged, and, selling the large stocks they had accumulated, drove down the price unduly. In the meantime the depreciation has caused some falling-off in the production, and has stimulated consumption; especially the demand for India is improving. A very low rate of exchange stimulates exports from India, and export business has so much increased that there is now a very strong demand for money. For example, the applications on Wednesday for India Council Bills and Telegraph Transfers were over eleven times the amount offered for tender. The probability appears to be, therefore, that the price will recover somewhat further.

The combination of the coal railway Companies, discussed above, led to a considerable increase in business on the New York Stock Exchange last week, and there was some improvement in London also, which continued until Tuesday of this week. Then a reaction occurred, business rapidly fell off, and prices all declined. There is a fear in New York that the Governments of Pennsylvania and New Jersey may take action to prevent the carrying out of the coal combination; but as it is certain that in some form or other the amalgamation will be effected, interference by the two States would have very little and very brief influence upon the stock markets. The real cause of the weakness just now, is, firstly, the fall in silver, which has raised a fear that silver coin and silver notes will fall to a discount, that gold in consequence will rise to a premium, and that the whole currency of the country may thus become disorganized. Furthermore, the fall in silver has inflicted heavy losses upon powerful speculators and upon the mining Companies. And, lastly, the fall in cotton has caused heavy losses all over the South, and indeed to all who are engaged in the cotton trade. In spite, therefore, of the abundant harvests of last year, and the great business that is being done in grain, the stock markets are hesitating and operators are anxious. At home distrust still continues, trade is declining, the fall in silver and cotton has resulted in heavy losses and given rise to much uneasiness; while upon the Continent the difficulties that have followed the breakdown in South America, the insolvency of Portugal, the crises in Spain and Italy, and the famine in Russia are aggravated by the financial embarrassments of Greece. There are serious fears now that Greece also may soon have to acknowledge herself insolvent. Lastly, the drought in India and the banking crisis in Australia add to the general disquietude, while the dispute between some of the holders of the Murrieta debentures and the Trustees, and Executors Corporation introduced a fresh anxiety.

It will be in the recollection of our readers that last year a million of debentures were issued by Messrs. De Murrieta & Co., the Trustees and Executors Corporation being the trustees for the debenture holders. Since then a scheme has been proposed for transferring the business of the Messrs. De Murrieta to the Mexican and South American Trust, and for creating a new Trust to take over the assets. Holders of 200,000*l.* of the debentures, headed by the Ottoman Bank, object to the new arrangement. A meeting was held on Monday for the purpose of trying to come to an agreement, but without effect. Another meeting was held on Wednesday also without effect, and a third was held on Thursday, when the scheme was approved by the requisite three-fourths majority; but legal proceedings are threatened. The reopening of the Murrieta question, of course, has added greatly to the uneasiness already prevailing.

There was a sharp fall of nearly 3*s.* per ton in pig iron in Glasgow on Thursday, bringing the price down to about 40*s.* 6*d.* per ton, owing to large selling, said to be on account of the London Syndicate, on an unwilling market.

There has been a recovery this week after the sharp fall of last week in Colonial securities. Thus New South Wales Three and a Half per Cents closed on Thursday at 94*1*/<sub>2</sub>, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; and New Zealand Three and a Half per Cents closed at 92, a rise of 1. In the Home Railway market early in the week there was an advance and later a decline, so that generally the changes are not great. London

and North-Western stock closed on Thursday at 175 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; but Midland closed at 161 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and Great Eastern closed at 88 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of  $\frac{1}{2}$ . In the American market there was a very rapid rise on Friday, Saturday, and Monday, followed since by a general, and in some cases a very considerable, fall. But for all that most prices are higher now than they were at the end of last week. Reading securities are an exception. They were rushed up recklessly when the success of the combination was assured, and since then speculators have been selling on a large scale to realize their profits. Reading shares closed on Thursday at 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and Reading First Income bonds close at 77, a fall of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ . But, with these exceptions, there has been a general recovery, which, of course, has been most marked in speculative shares not suited for investors, and especially in those of the Western lines. Erie rose rapidly with Readings, and fell almost as quickly, so that at the close on Thursday the shares were 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ , showing a rise of no more than  $\frac{1}{2}$  compared with the preceding Thursday. But Atchison shares closed at 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ , while Union Pacific shares closed at 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of as much as 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ . In the investment stocks there has been likewise an advance. Louisville and Nashville closed at 77 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and Lake Shore closed at 127, a rise of 1. Argentine securities have recovered somewhat. The Five per Cents of 1886 closed at 60, a rise of 1, and the Funding Loan closed at 51, also a rise of 1. Brazilian Four and a Half per Cents closed at 60, a rise of 1; but Chilian closed at 89, a fall of  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Greek Bonds rose early in the week, and have fallen since; but the 1884 Loan closed on Thursday at 62, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 4, and the Monopoly Loan closed at 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of 3. Spanish closed at 61 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and Italian closed at 88 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of 1.

#### THE ROYAL BRITISH NURSES' ASSOCIATION.

**T**WO facts with regard to nurses have of late been very forcibly brought home to many households—that the supply is inadequate for periods of special stress, such as that from which, it is to be hoped, we are now emerging, and also that by no means every kindly and well-meaning lady who devotes herself to the task of nursing is competent to fulfil the duties she undertakes at those times when aptitude and readiness of resource are chiefly needed. This latter circumstance can occasion no reasonable surprise. Nursing is essentially a matter of knowledge and experience; and though during the last few years there has been a movement towards the profession on the part of many ladies actuated by the highest motives, and of many others who are prepared conscientiously to devote themselves to gaining a livelihood in this direction, a person bearing the title of nurse may or may not be a valuable addition to the family of an invalid. Nothing can be more important than that an adequate supply of thoroughly competent nurses should be forthcoming, in the first place, and that, in the second, the public should know precisely where such nurses are to be found; and for these reasons the Royal British Nurses' Association is an institution which cannot be too widely known.

Some five years ago the ill-conceived idea was put in practice of starting a registry for nurses, on the same principle as a servants' registry. Girls paid half-a-crown, they were supposed to have had one year's training in some sort of hospital, and it was assumed—more cheerfully by the possibly well-meaning devisers of the scheme than by those who had a little sad experience of some of the nurses so “qualified”—that they were fit to take entire charge of the most serious cases. The system was felt to be both derogatory to the profession of nurse and in the highest degree unsatisfactory to the patient. The Princess Christian, always ready in works of practical kindness, took counsel with number of the leading physicians and surgeons of London and the provinces, and the British Nurses' Association, afterwards graciously commanded by Her Majesty the Queen to assume the prefix “Royal,” was the result. Various benevolent projects for the benefit of the nurses themselves are involved, but with these the public is less directly concerned than with that chief desideratum when illness occurs, the finding of an entirely trustworthy nurse. Amongst other evidence which was brought to light by the investigations of Lord Sandhurst's Committee on Hospitals—a Committee which under his untiring direction did admirable service—was the fact that, in order to gain pecuniary advantages for some of the establishments which had not the benefit of efficient control, nurses were sent out possessed of just that little knowledge which is a peculiarly dangerous thing when the question is one of, in many cases, simply life or death. The Executive of the British Nurses' Association wisely hold that not less than a period of three years' hospital training is sufficient to qualify a nurse for the delicate and arduous duties she will, in

the ordinary course of events, be called upon to fulfil. The Register now contains a roll of over 1,800 nurses so qualified, and the names of some 3,000 members in all; more than 150 of the chief hospitals in the United Kingdom have become supporters, and these numbers are constantly increasing. Over this Register the strictest supervision is, of course, exercised, and the Association has secured to itself the power of expelling a nurse who may prove unworthy of trust—if any such should unfortunately be found.

The prosperity of the Association is assured beyond all possibility of doubt by the active interest of the President and other members of the Royal Family, as well as by the many leading representatives of the medical profession who have given their cordial adhesion. Last year, however, a petition presented to the Board of Trade for a licence to incorporate the Association under the Companies Act, without the word “Limited,” appears to have been refused, though on what grounds it is impossible even to guess. The reason why the Association desired to be thus incorporated was that it could more conveniently hold and dispense its funds; the reason why it did not wish to be set forth to the world as “Limited” was that, in view of the fact of the Princess Christian being one of the founders and also President, and furthermore of Her Majesty the Queen having commanded the prefix “Royal,” it was felt that the word “Limited” would inappropriately class the Association as a trading concern, and so altogether convey a wrong impression about it. The difficulty is, of course, easily overcome in the case of an institution which speaks with such authority and influence; only it must be added at the same time that such a difficulty ought never to have arisen. At a meeting of the Council held a short time since, a unanimous vote was passed in favour of applying for a Royal Charter, and the President graciously offered to present the petition in her own name, following the example of the Prince of Wales in the case of the Imperial Institute. These details, however, are of no great practical importance to those who only desire to know where in moments of special need a nurse in whom absolute reliance can be placed may be discovered, and for this knowledge sincere thanks are due to those to whom we owe the Royal British Nurses' Association.

#### GRAY, GREIN, AND WATSON—AUTHORS.

**T**HREE is no English Academy—until the Society of Authors shall by legislative enactment have assumed the duties and the dignity of such an institution; but there are individual writers whose linguistic enterprises supply from time to time treats of irresistible attractiveness. Among the most promising recent recruits of this illustrious band are the three gentlemen whose names we have ventured to place in quasi-commercial juxtaposition at the head of these observations. It is unnecessary to say anything about them of an introductory nature. Their works will speak for them.

Mr. John Gray is the prefatory annotator, and Mr. J. T. Grein the translator, of an “Idyll in One Act” entitled *In the Garden of Citrons* (London: Henry & Co. 1892), the work of Emilio Montanaro, a “young Italian planter,” who lives in Cuba and writes in Spanish. The one act is almost as short as it is sweet, the whole of it, including title-page, “note,” and stage-directions (which are elaborate), occupying no more than twenty small pages. Mr. Gray sets out with the general proposition that “Every one who has evolved a couplet or webbed the mesh of a sonnet knows the value, that cannot unless be fully known, of the regularly recurring assonances, towards the shaping and setting and cleaning of the thought that sits in the prison made for it by the laws of verse.” And he adds that Chinese artists are accustomed to “bend the untractable” pieces of jade sent to them by the Emperor into “the liteness of nervous fishes.” He then briefly explains the principal idiosyncrasy of his author to be “his notions with regard to the personality of perfumes, their colours and voices, and the colours and perfumes of ideas and sounds.” Next ensues a brief divagation to the effect that another of Mr. Montanaro's idylls is called “Fear” by his co-adjutor Mr. Grein, whereas he would prefer to call it “Panic.” Mr. Gray does not himself know Spanish, but from what he has been told he thinks that the word Panic better signifies what “lurks and listens, a very beautiful young man with long gray hair,” or runs about so fast that not only can you not count him (as the negro said of the little pig), but “he seems a *poisonous scarlet mist*.” (The italics are Mr. Gray's.) Also in some yet other work of Montanaro's colours are “endowed with such personality” that they “vibrate independently of appearances,” and, to put the whole matter in a nutshell, Mr. Montanaro's art “reminds a great deal of Segantini in painting.”

The *dramatis personae* of *In the Garden of Citrons* are four—

Pablo, "a young poet"; his mother; Rosarita, "a young girl"; and "a green parrot." The scene is laid in a garden, with "orange and citron trees in full bloom." On a table in a bower are "flasks, glasses [probably containing citron squash], and a plate with blond slices of ananas." The parrot and the poet occupy the same bower, the latter being habited in "white-duck shirt and trousers, and white canvas shoes. Round his waist an orange sash. Round his head is twined a green scarf, so disposed that the ends protect the nape of his neck; and above that an English straw hat with a white ribbon. He smokes a cigar." The parrot observes, "Amate! Amate!" and the poet, who, in spite of his cheerful costume, "seems deeply depressed," declares that he is troubled by "that piercing blood-red cry." When Mrs. Pablo says "You are preoccupied, you are weary," her son asks "Why not? for all is grey"—which is pretty strong for a man in an orange sash and a green scarf. The parrot repeats its observation more than once, and Pablo complains that his "soul is empty." His mother acknowledges that she cannot fill his heart, for "grey hairs do not fill a heart," and she recommends him to love some young person, and be loved with "a maid's love," one "that caresses and tortures, that gladdens and pains." (Mr. Grein's translation is in prose.) The parrot backs up her advice as before, and Pablo says he feels that his mother is right, and that he wants some one to turn the "grey" of the past, present, and future "into azure blue and mellow green of hope." "Bravo, Pablo! Speak like that," replies his fond parent, and leaves him. The parrot again remarks "Amate! Amate!" to which Pablo, somewhat inconsistently, answers, "Curse you, you winged automaton, with your mocking crimson cries," and reminds it that it has "never read the poets and their pink romances, their marble stanzas, their sculptured sonnets," and consequently doesn't know anything. Then Rosarita comes in, and prattles like a nursery primer, and, upon the parrot interrupting her in the same strain as before, Pablo tells her that "Birds are Nature's children; they are not like men, yellow with falsehood, scarlet with corruption, pink with vanity." He adds that he loves "to hear you [Rosarita], and to listen to your beautiful blue views of life." Rosarita artlessly suggests that he had better love her. The old lady strolls in again, "and plucks flowers." Pablo accepts the young lady's proposal, she and the parrot laugh heartily, and the curtain falls.

As for Mr. Watson, it is impossible to do any sort of justice to his composition except by giving it in full; and here it is:—

SIR,  
By this y have the honore to give you information that y am perfectly settled for making of all sorts of architectoral sculptures, especially gothic art.

Altars, Communionbanks, Confessionals, etc. . . . and generally all what concerns churches fountures.

It is very difficult, Sir, to give you any of my work to see, but what y can insure you is that y make perfectly works at very low prices.

If you schould have some knowledge of any convenient work, Sir, please to inform me there of, and you may be sure that we will together find terms to accomplish them.

Hoping you will give me some answers.

Y remain.

Your very obedient servant,  
THOMAS WATSON,  
Beeldekensstraat, 138  
Antwerpen-Belgium

Such are the efforts of our latest amateur Academicians. We can only hope that they will not so fill the publisher and the editor of the "International Library" with violet envy and orange despair as to elicit from them piercing blood-red cries or reduce them to the condition of nervous fish.

#### THE WEATHER.

WE have had a sudden and serious change since we last wrote. Last week we were enjoying unusual warmth for the season, and we noted an extraordinary amount of sunshine, at least in Scotland. At the close of the period not a single station in Western Europe, except those in the South of France, reaches 40°, and many are below the freezing point at 8 A.M. on Wednesday, the 17th. On Thursday and Friday, February 11 and 12, we were under an anticyclone, the highest readings being in the west of Ireland, where the barometer rose to the great height of 30.7 inches. The weather was dry, and fortunately we had no fogs, though but little sunshine. On Saturday there were signs of a change, and a few flakes of snow fell in London. That evening the pressure in the west began to give way, and during the night the rate became rapid, and it continued so during Sunday, so that by Monday morning the barometer, at most stations, stood a full inch below its level on Saturday, and some heavyish snow showers had fallen all along the east coast. The chart for that morning showed a definitely marked depression lying with its centre over London. This seems to have come

down on us over Scotland; but it must have travelled with extreme rapidity, and, strange to say, it was not accompanied by much wind. On the whole, it seems more probable that the depression formed itself over the south-east of England, and subsequently went southwards. Rain set in, in showers, in London on Sunday; but in the course of Monday heavy snow fell in the Midland counties, and in London the snow, which began about noon, thawed, and then froze again, rendering the streets almost impassable for horses at night. The fall of temperature was not so sudden as is sometimes the case. On Saturday the Scotch stations had fallen some ten or twelve degrees; but in no other district was there such an abrupt change of readings. Between Monday and Tuesday there was another sharp fall, and the thermometer at Cambridge fell sixteen degrees in twenty-four hours. We spoke last week of thermometer readings of 50° in these islands, and even of nearly 70° at Lisbon; but during the week now under review 50° has rarely been reached, and at several stations on Monday the thermometer did not rise even to 40°. Tuesday's chart showed us the depression lying off the coast of Brittany, having moved south-westwards, and there were signs of further disturbance, as a large cyclonic system was advancing southwards over Finland. Tuesday night was intensely cold in parts of England. At Loughborough the thermometer went down to zero, and at 8 A.M. on Wednesday it read only 2° F., or thirty degrees below the freezing-point, the northern depression having come down to the south of Norway, and that which had left us two days before lying near Lyons. On the ridge between these two the intense cold which has been described was developed. The snow which fell on Wednesday evening was, like the rain on Monday the 8th we noticed last week, due to the approach to our East coast of a small depression coming to us over the North Sea.

#### BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

NO doubt twenty-five years ago *The Great Metropolis*, produced late last week at the Princess's Theatre, would have attracted all London for many months. But unfortunately, or fortunately, as the case may be, the very pit and gallery audience which in days of yore would have applauded to the echo the superabundance of coincidences and sensational episodes which make up Mr. Henry Neville and Mr. William Terriss's melodrama are now the first to deride them as tedious and improbable. The fact is, dramatic art has progressed in England much more than, it would seem, managers are willing to admit, and even the "groundlings" have learnt to be critical in the right direction. In spite of its title, this piece is really a nautical drama, and the greater part of the action takes place on the sea-coast and in the vicinity of a lighthouse. It was, it appears, written by Messrs. Teale and Jessop, two American dramatists, and doubtless at Niblo's or the Bowery proved highly successful. But since our own répertoire contains scores of like highly-spiced sensational pieces, we fail to see why Mr. Henry Neville and Mr. William Terriss should have been at the pains of rearranging it for representation on this side of the Atlantic. It possesses, however, let us promptly admit, at least one very novel effect, provided by the contrivance whereby a benevolent old gentleman—whose connexion with the intricate plot we are unable to afford space to relate—shoots himself, as it were, automatically. This excellent, but not very wise, personage keeps certain valuable family papers in a small and ladylike-looking "Canterbury," which contains a mechanical pistol intended to afford complete protection against burglars. In an evil hour the good man forgets how to "work the thing" properly, the pistol goes off, and he forthwith falls dead, whereupon the delighted audience applauds frantically. The scenic displays which follow are very remarkable. Sensation succeeds sensation, until the spectators are fairly dazzled. There is one particular scene, however, which deserves comment. In it we behold the metamorphosis of the interior of a lighthouse to its exterior. It literally turns itself inside out, and we see it shedding its light upon an angry sea which is about to wreck a gallant ship. Then comes the much-talked-of rocket life-saving apparatus performance, which does not work very well; and, finally, after the hero has had a sea-fight with the villain, the excited audience perceives, what at first looks like a luminous jelly-fish, rising upon the surface of the waters, but eventually turns out to be the body of the heroine, who, Ophelia-like, has sought of her own accord a watery grave. There is good work in this play, but unhappily the authors have given the public too much for their money. If the succession of "situations" and "sensations" were diminished by two-thirds, the play would gain immensely thereby. It might possibly become intelligible—even interesting. As it stands, it bewilders when it should rivet attention, and ends by fatiguing eyes and heads alike. It is very well

acted. Mr. Neville is just the sort of player for the part of the ill-judged, but irreproachably virtuous and honest, hero; whereas Mr. Abingdon, who has a good deal of Mr. Willard's peculiar serpentine method, and a great deal more power than that actor, is capital as the villain. Mr. Terriss's winsome daughter, Miss Ella Terriss, dressed *à la* Grace Darling, was most effective as the heroine. Mr. Fuller Mellish, Mr. Herbert Basing, and Mr. Haynes contribute not a little to the success of the interpretation.

Mr. J. L. Toole is to make his first appearance in London since his recent illness on Thursday next in a play by Mr. J. M. Barrie.

Messrs. George Giddens and Abbott propose giving a matinée at the Criterion, on the 24th, when a comedy called *Fast Asleep*, founded on Mr. Gilbert's excellent story *Wideawake*, will be produced. We can imagine that Mr. George Giddens will extract an amazing amount of fun out of the character of Jack Pointer, a young gentleman who, on being caught doing those things which he ought not, pretends to have done them in his sleep. The author has sent us a treatise of his own compilation on the subject of somnambulism, which we have read with interest. Galen, he tells us, slept while on a road, and pursued his journey until he was awakened by tripping on a stone. We trust that Mr. C. H. Abbott will not trip, either in his sleep or otherwise, on his road to success.

We are requested to contradict the report that the Avenue Theatre has been secured by Mr. Levenston for a syndicate production of comic opera. The future tenancy of this pretty and cosy theatre is not yet decided.

Mr. Thorne has decided to produce Mr. F. Horner's new play, founded on *L'Article 231*, and rather ominously entitled *The Last Straw*, in a few weeks.

Mr. Oscar Wilde's comedy, *Lady Windermere's Fan*, will be produced to-night at the St. James's Theatre, with Mr. George Alexander and Miss Marion Terry in the principal parts. At the Avenue Mr. Vanderfelt and Miss Olga Brandon will appear in the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*, as a *lever de rideau* to *Judah*. At last we have the long-desired combination of William Shakespeare and Henry Arthur Jones.

*Deborah*, a play by Mr. Langdon Elwyn Mitchell, will be produced at the Avenue Theatre on Monday afternoon next. Miss Marion Lea, Miss Beatrice Lamb, and Mr. Bernard Gould will be in the cast.

#### A COMMON CURIOSITY.

THEY sought him in the Lobbies,  
Behind the Speaker's Chair;  
To the smoking-room their steps they bent,  
And through the Library they went—  
They hunted everywhere;  
Nor were they with their search content  
Till to the Outer Hall they sent,  
And asked the watchful bobbies  
If they had seen him there.

The good Sir George Tr-v-ly-n  
Came out in great concern,  
With Mr. M-rl-y at his side—  
“O where is H-re-rt—where?” he cried;  
“Can none among you learn?  
Our men are getting hard to guide.  
He must come back, lest worse betide;  
We almost fear rebellion—  
He must—he must return.”

At last the seekers stumbled  
Upon the truant's track;  
With gloomy brow and head abased  
A secret spot he slowly paced,  
His hands behind his back;  
And when he heard how they were placed,  
The only words that could be traced—  
So feebly were they mumbled—  
Were “awkward” and “attack.”

“You must return,” in anguish  
Sir George Tr-v-ly-n groaned,  
“Return and answer R-dm-nd's speech;  
It hits us both (and bothers each,  
It must be frankly owned).  
I've flung myself into the breach,  
O! do so likewise, I beseech;  
The party's spirits languish  
As long as that's postponed.

“He seeks, this youthful leader,  
All sorts of ‘tips’ to gain;  
He wants your Home Rule scheme to see,  
He takes my speech at Rothbury,  
And asks me to explain;  
With more from you, and more from me,  
No end, in fact, there seems to be  
To what that young Seeder  
Desires to ascertain.”

Said H-re-rt, weighing nicely  
His words before they came:  
“He wants to know, does this young man,  
My views upon the Home Rule plan,  
That all his friends acclaim?  
And whether I maintain my ban  
Pronounced on it as ‘Fenian’?  
Or what, in short, precisely  
May be my little game?”

“In vain does he entreat me;  
No, no! 'twill never do!  
Ring down the curtain, stop the show!  
Voté the Address, and let it go!  
For, between me and you,  
The very things he ‘wants to know,’  
The things that exercise him so,  
Are just the things that beat me.  
I want to know them too.”

#### REVIEWS.

##### THE LIBRARY OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.\*

THE learned and laborious Librarian of Trinity College, Dr. Sinker, deserves the warm thanks of bibliographers for this publication. We hope, however, that it is only an instalment, an earnest of good things to come; for such a library as Trinity College now possesses deserves a more thorough and comprehensive treatment than it has yet received. Dr. Sinker evidently feels some misgivings about the propriety of the step he has taken in publishing papers which originally appeared in *Notes and Queries* with but slight alterations and additions. He says in his preface (p. vi.):—

To have rewritten the whole book would doubtless have been to improve it in many ways; but this was a more ambitious flight than I was prepared for. A professed history, written *de novo*, of so large and so old a library, would be a very formidable undertaking, and would of necessity grow to a very much greater size than the present small volume. Moreover, it was obvious that to dwell on elements in the library which might fairly be assumed to be common to all great libraries would be superfluous, though no one knows better than myself how large is the mass of topics of interest which perforce I have omitted.

Modesty is a rare virtue, and one much to be commended; but, with such an example as Macray's *Annals of the Bodleian* before us, we cannot sympathize with Dr. Sinker's feelings. Surely it would not have been a very difficult task to have composed Annals of the Library under his charge which would have shown how, as one generation of students succeeded another, the College Library was always remembered—at times, it is true, in a somewhat haphazard fashion, as though “rubbish shot here” had been writ large over its door—but still remembered.

As Dr. Sinker says (p. 133):—

While the most varied interest is roused by any great collection of books, the associations which cling round an ancient library increase this charm tenfold. To handle books which have been in the hands not of a series of collectors, changing owners from time to time, as the fate of the auction-room will'd, but of long generations of scholars of the same ancient house, who constantly enriched the stores of the library with their own most precious books—this lends an additional charm to so old a library as that which I have now spoken of. One takes into one's hands books doubtless used by good Bishop Fisher, or on which Francis Bacon began his course of omnivorous reading. Here are books which influenced the poetry of gentle George Herbert and of Dryden; and the latter's own copy of Spenser, with the MS. notes of the later poet, now lies before me.

Before Dryden died the present building had received the old collection, and in this stately room we know that Newton and Cotes, Bentley and Porson, Thirlwall and Hare, Whewell and Sedgwick—mighty names among the mighty dead—made constant and abundant use of the library.

Again, let us observe, what a flood of light would be thrown on University studies and on University thought at different periods, if this system of special annals or histories were carried out for all collegiate libraries, one after another! The value of a medieval catalogue in showing the books that were then studied in the colleges has long been admitted; why should not the same system be equally useful in more modern times? Nowadays, perhaps, a college library does not reflect so clearly as it formerly did the studies of the place. It is thought desirable to

\* *The Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.* By Robert Sinker, D.D., Librarian of Trinity College. Cambridge. 1892.

purchase standard works, or specimens of early printing, to fill up gaps in the series of such books, as curators of museums buy specimens; but, up to the end of the last century, this was not the case. The college libraries represented the studies of the Fellows, who could not afford to buy books for themselves.

When that "splendid, courteous, and bountiful gentleman," Dr. Neville, laid out the Great Court of Trinity College, he placed the library on the upper floor of the building between the Master's lodge and the chapel, providing a door into it from the staircase leading to his own apartments, so that, according to mediæval practice, the Master might at all times have easy access to it. Into this room, which was seventy-five feet long by thirty feet broad, we may presume that the books belonging to the older foundations of Michael House and King's Hall were removed; but, as Dr. Sinker regretfully points out, of the former collection only two or three printed books remain, and no MSS., while of the latter absolutely nothing has survived. This is the more provoking as there is reason for believing that both colleges possessed rather extensive libraries. The present structure was begun in February 1676, the older room having doubtless by that time become overcrowded. To Dr. Barrow, then Master, is due the credit of having suggested the completion of Neville's Court by a grand building on its west side, and it was through personal friendship for him that Wren gave his services, and gave them gratuitously. Wren did not design hastily, or, like modern architects, fix those who consulted him to the design he submitted to them. In this case he began by suggesting a circular building, surmounted by a dome, not unlike the Radcliffe Library at Oxford. It would have stood clear of the north and south wings of the court, a little to the westward of them; and it would have been connected with them by dwarf walls, surmounted by iron railings. This design, which is not devoid of a certain grandeur, was abandoned, we know not why, and the present structure took its place, the design being suggested by that of St. Mark's Library at Venice. Wren gave the minutest attention to the work during its progress; and supervised the fittings, even if he did not actually design them. It seems so obvious now to place books against the walls of a library, that it is difficult to realize the fact that this was once an innovation. We believe, however, that the library at Lincoln Cathedral, built by Wren in 1674, was the first in which this arrangement superseded that which was universal during the middle ages—namely, that the cases should stand at right angles to the walls—and that the library of Trinity College was the second. Wren himself in the letter accompanying his designs draws special attention to "the disposition of the shelves both along the walls and breaking out from the walls, which must needs prove very convenient and gracefull, and the best way for the students will be to have a little square table in each Celle with 2 chairs." The table and chairs, or rather stools, were sketched by himself; the drawing may still be seen in the Wren Collection at All Souls College, Oxford.

Dr. Sinker, as becomes a librarian, passes somewhat hastily over the history of the building, to dwell lovingly on that of the books. There are now some 80,000 volumes under his charge, of which 1,918 are MSS. His notices of these are sorted under three divisions:—(1) The Manuscripts; (2) The Incunabula; and (3) Early English Printed Books; while two additional chapters are headed "The Capell Collection" and "The Byron Statue."

The MSS., as might be expected, are of the most varied character, from the Codex Augiensis and the Canterbury Psalter to Thackeray's *Esmond*, and between these limits are such treasures as the correspondence of Sir Isaac Newton, the sermons of Barrow, the collations of Bentley, the notes of Porson, and last, but by no means least, the volume which contains several poems of Milton in his own handwriting. The sheets of paper on which they were written came, we know not how, into the hands of Sir Henry Newton, afterwards Puckering, son to Sir Adam Newton, who had been tutor to Henry, Prince of Wales, and passed to the library in 1690-91, together with a large collection of printed books. In the middle of the following century these "Membra eruditissimi et pene divini poetae olim misere disjecta et passim sparsa," as an inscription at the beginning of the volume records, were collected and bound by the care of two of the Fellows. Dr. Sinker remarks (p. 33):—

It may be as well to note here the chief contents, *Arcades, At a Solemn Music, On Time, Upon the Circumcision, Comus, Lycidas*, the first rough notes for *Paradise Lost*, originally planned as a drama, where "Moses ἐπολογεῖται," rough notes for other projected dramas, and *Sonnets*. The MS., the paper of which is unfortunately becoming exceedingly brittle, is mostly in the hand of Milton himself; but part of the sonnets are written by different amanuenses. Milton's habit of revising and rewriting on the same paper gives additional interest to this MS., for we see the whole process of development before us. Thus the noble sonnet on *The Death of Mrs. Catherine Thompson* is given three times, twice in the writing of Milton, and once in that of an amanuensis. This sonnet was very different in its earliest draft from what it ultimately became. Thus, in line 4, for "of death, call'd life," there originally stood "of flesh and sin." The four lines 6-10 originally stood:—

And all thy good endeavour  
Strait follow'd thee the path that Saints have trod:  
Still as they journey'd from this dark abode  
Up to y<sup>e</sup> Realm of peace and joy for ever,  
Faith who led on y<sup>e</sup> way and knew them best [&c.]

Beautiful as these lines are, none can fail to see the vastly greater beauty of the revision.

The lines, as revised, may well be appended:—

Thy works, and aims, and all thy good endeavour,  
Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;  
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,  
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.  
Love led them on, and Faith, who knew them best [&c.]

Dr. Sinker devotes considerable space to the Incunabula, as might be expected from one who has already compiled a *Catalogue of the Fifteenth-Century Printed Books in the Library of Trinity College*, and to the early printed books. There are about five hundred of the former, more than half of which are due to the bequest of the Rev. William Grylls, a former scholar of the House, who spent his life in collecting books, and chose the College as his heir. Dr. Sinker describes these treasures under the names of the places where their printers lived, as becomes a disciple of the late Mr. Bradshaw, and his pages are full of much pleasant talk about the pioneers of the art, their local habitations, and their names. The sketch is admirably done, and we are glad to find that Trinity College possesses so rich a series; but notes upon notes resemble, we think, the *repetita crème* of the Roman satirist, and we prefer to advise readers to consult Dr. Sinker at first hand rather than to give a *résumé* of what he has written—which, after all, would be little more than a list of well-known names and places.

The work before us is at once agreeable and learned, and will bring to a wider notice than has hitherto been possible the rank which the Library of Trinity College holds among the great libraries of England. Moreover, its appearance supplies evidence that the well-being and development of the library is receiving due attention from the authorities. There is nowadays some danger in all libraries that the antiquarian side may be developed at the expense of the modern; but this fashion—for such it is—is not likely to last long, and while it does last it will not do much harm. Anything is better than a recurrence to the dead, do-nothing spirit, now happily extinct, when a Senior Fellow could meet a suggested bequest by growling out:—"More books! What do you want with more books? Have you read all you have got already?"

#### BATHSHEBA PICKLE.\*

THE generous mind will always think kindly of the errors of the past, but only the narrow, the intolerant, or the disappointed will refuse to see them as they really are. Through the follies of our fathers we advance to wisdom. *Incrementum pessimorum optimorum* is a saying not more beautiful than true. Without Homer there had been no Lewis Morris; from Raphael is born Herbert Schmalz; Grant Allen is but Newton purged of his grosser parts; from the poor dead dust of Scott soars the Phoenix of our time, the good, the gifted, and the glorious Hypatia Southcott!

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day.

Yes, the world is for the new brooms! The history of Humanity is the history of Progress; and surely never at any period since the Man of Uz sat down among the ashes to scrape painfully out with a potsherd some solution to those problems of existence which have no secret for us, has the onward march been so rapid and triumphant as within the last three years. When we think of what we have seen and of what we now see, our minds are filled with a tender, an ineffable, pity for the idols of the past, hurled from their high places, dismembered, dishonoured: "Many kings have sat down upon the ground, and one that was never thought of hath worn the crown." At a moment when all the civilized world is singing with the name of the accomplished lady who, but a short while since unknown save to a comparatively small circle of privileged believers, is now hailed wherever the English language is spoken as the spiritual regenerator of mankind, at such a moment it is instructive (albeit the instruction is not untinged with melancholy) to reflect in what fashion our fathers could permit themselves to write of another accomplished lady, who may in some sort—"as moonlight is to sunlight, and as water is to wine"—be regarded as a foreshadowing of our own Mrs. Southcott. Thackeray is dead now, along with many a man whom the world once called immortal; but in Thackeray, for the age he lived in, we can detect some faint glimmerings of the light struggling to pierce through the mists of an unscientific education and a barbarous language. Yet even he could thus write of the great French gospel of social and religious freedom, of which the gifted author of *Spiridion* was the most eloquent apostle. "Who are these," he asks, "who come forward to explain the mystery, and gaze unblinking into the depths of the light, and measure the immeasurable vastness to a hair? Women, truly; for the most part weak women—weak in intellect, weak, mayhap, in spelling and grammar, but marvellously strong in faith; women, who step down to the people with stately step and voice of authority, and deliver their twopenny tablets as if there were some divine authority for the wretched nonsense recorded there." It is hard even to transcribe such a sentence without a blush for our sex. Where, we would ask, had the man who could so far forget his

\* *The History of Bathsheba Pickle.* By Hypatia Southcott, Author of "Susannah Elder." 10 vols. London. 1892.

manhood as to pen these brutal words, where had he been but for a woman? Could he not, at least, have remembered that but for the kind co-operation of a weak woman he had never been born to deliver his own twopenny tablets to a world which has long ago broken them?

But to our more immediate purpose. Millions are still asking—for though the presses are working night and day, and the publishers are threatened, we believe, with no less than nineteen actions for driving their men over-time, millions are still being turned hungry and thirsty away from the book-shops and libraries of this great city—these hopes deferred, we say, are still asking how *The History of Bathsheba Pickle* stands to its predecessor *Susannah Elder*? We have no hesitation in answering, *Nobly!* Indeed, we have even less hesitation in pronouncing it (though the assertion savours, we are conscious, of the incredible) to be a great deal superior to the earlier work, for this, if for no other reason, that it is a great deal longer. For Mrs. Southcott has at one bound placed herself among those writers (few alas! even in our own age) to whom, as to the Younger Smallweed, years are nothing, who have annulled the laws of time and space, and who can, in the language of the great philosophical poet,

Extend from here to Mesopotamia

by a mere effort of will. There is no man, nor woman neither, worthy of the name of reader, who, closing the last volume of this astounding work, will not cry, in the impassioned words of Ellinor Millwood—"I came only for sixpennorth of tea-dust, but oh, I should like to hear you speak on for ever!"

To give within our small compass, and with our still smaller powers, any adequate idea of the wit and the learning, the genius and the love, that breathe and burn through every one of these ten thousand pages, would be impossible. Yet duty, "Stern Cabman of the Streets of Life," drives us, even though it be to certain failure.

The book is divided into three parts, after the fashion of a Greek trilogy, each one of which may be read independently of the other; for, as was the custom with its great model, there is no necessary sequence, or even coherence, in them. This, which in ordinary works might be thought a blemish, is in this one an instance of the highest and rarest art. The resources of no single press could put complete copies of this stupendous whole into every hand outstretched for them; but now, when any one part may be read separately, when the first may be last, and the last first, and the middle anywhere, or even, should the adverse Fates so will it, nowhere, without marring the general symmetry, neighbours need not quarrel in the squares of Kensington or by the ponds of Hampstead for *The History of Bathsheba Pickle*. The three parts are named respectively "Salad Days," "Raising Cain," and "After the Opera is Over." We understand that arrangements have been made with our most gifted humourist to furnish what may answer to the *oedipus*, or satyric drama, with which the Athenian tragedy was accustomed to conclude. That the result will be worthy of the author of *Three Donkies in a Dingy* no one who has read that brilliant work will doubt. Yet we are sorry that it should be so. No hand should be suffered to meddle with Bathsheba but the hand of her creator. Nor is it necessary. Mrs. Southcott has, indeed, declared, in one of those immortal aphorisms which recall at once the works of Peter Magnus and Martin Tupper, that Dissent destroys the sense of humour; but this is only half a truth. There are two sorts of humour, the conscious and the unconscious; of the latter Dissent is the most fruitful mother. It is the duty of every lover of the good, the beautiful, and the true to protest against any interference with the works of our Female Shakespeare—as, in truth, she may well be called; for has she not "exhausted worlds"?

In the first part, "Salad Days," we find Bathsheba (not yet Pickle) living in primitive innocence with the man who is to be her husband—a cobbler at Brixton—and his assistant. One child has been born to the household. David Pickle, the cobbler, has a soul above his last. His library is small, but well chosen—Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of the World*, all Archdeacon Farrar's works (except his sermons), a translation of Rousseau's *Confessions* and of some of M. Zola's novels, some odd volumes of Bohn's "Classical Library." Thus the evenings pass happily away in the little back-parlour at Brixton, till in an evil hour Bathsheba lights upon a copy of Mr. Longclose's famous novel, *Fatima Lady Fadaise*. The poor woman's soul is stirred to its depths by the extracts from Amiel's Journal she finds in that entrancing romance; she, too, takes to recording her impressions in a journal, and from that moment the clouds begin to gather. Dis-satisfied with the narrow horizon of the little parlour that once was all the world to her, the innocent pleasures of her life begin to pall. Rousseau cloyes; Sir Edwin can give no light; the fiery eloquence and ineffable pathos of the Archdeacon can neither stir nor soothe; even the stern truths of human nature preached by M. Zola seem flat and stale. In her journal she weighs these teachers in the balance and finds them all wanting. The process, which covers many hundred pages, is faithfully recorded, and reveals at once an astonishing power of literary criticism and an insight into the human heart that is more than marvellous. It may of course be argued that no such woman as Bathsheba could have possessed this power. The objection is captious; no critic, no man even, has yet met such a woman as Bathsheba. The men are conscious that something is wrong. Each, unknown to the other, offers her marriage. She accepts Pickle, on the understanding that this new tie is not to dissolve

the old ones. But the rites of the Church are powerless to assuage this wounded spirit. Her husband presents her on her birthday with a pair of shoes over which he has spent his utmost knowledge of his craft. His labour was in vain. "Can you heal my soul?" she asks him, dashing the shoes from his hand, and unconsciously adapting her language in a moment of inspiration to the business of his life. David is forced to own that he cannot.

In the second part we find Bathsheba and David in London. Peregrine Gray, the assistant, has been left behind at Brixton to look after the shop and the child. David hopes that in the larger world of London the soul of Bathsheba may find peace, and he loyally devotes his scanty savings to showing her the sights of all that mighty Babylon. But in the dungeons of the Tower or the crypt of St. Paul's, through the Maze at Hampton Court or the galleries of South Kensington she roams the same cold, dissatisfied, unheeding woman; neither the horrors of Mme. Tussaud nor of the Chantrey Bequest can stir her languid pulses. Meanwhile the inevitable happens. They make friends, two especially, a brother and sister, Tom and Julia Jones; Tom, a photographer's assistant; Julia, a painter's model. Under the guidance of these two, David and Bathsheba see life independently of each other, David with Julia, Bathsheba with Tom. It would be affectation to deny that this part of the story may hurt some tender susceptibilities. But art is a mere delusion, a child's toy, if it represents not life, and life in all its myriad components, the raptures of vice no less than the languors of virtue. When art and morality come into contact, morality must go to the wall. Yet only can, and that worst form of can which refuses to realize that to the pure all things must be pure, can deny either the splendid boldness or the exquisite delicacy which Mrs. Southcott has brought to this part of her task. Nor is it any objection that she must have studied these scenes at second-hand. That she has done so exalts at once the artist and the woman. By bringing to the deep and patient study of our *Police News*, and kindred publications, a mind trained on all the best fiction of modern France, she has been enabled, by the insight of the great artist, to realize scenes which reduce such a work as *An Actor's Grandmother* to the dimensions of a primer and leave the author of *Miss of the Dirtyfields* but a stammering novice. Would that our space permitted us to quote! To one scene, however, we cannot refrain from calling particular attention—the scene where Bathsheba, having broken with Tom Jones, is compelled to decide between the three lovers who have replaced him. For this great, wild, struggling, yet essentially pure and noble heart, cannot be content with the narrow compass of a single love. But her apartments are small, and the three men—an art-critic, a free-thinking cabman, and a private in the Life-Guards—do not agree. Bathsheba, whose innate sense of beauty would lead her to prefer the Life-Guardsman, but who is the very soul of honour, casts the lot in characteristic fashion. She summons the three men to her parlour, provides them with a light repast, and then proceeds to read to them the manuscript of her great work, *Love in the Ark*, being an Enquiry into the Relations between the Sexes during the Deluge, having first explained that he who can give the best summary of its contents shall be the happy man. At the end of five hours (which none of Mrs. Southcott's readers will think wasted) Bathsheba looks up from her manuscript to find only one of her audience awake—the cabman. On him the lot falls. But the next morning Bathsheba's last belief in humanity is destroyed by the discovery that poor Jerry has not deserved, but commanded, his success by a raging toothache!

Over the third part we must pass rapidly. The little household is once more reunited at Brixton. All its members, even the child Sappho, now keep journals, which they read aloud on alternate evenings. These extracts fill two out of the three thousand pages which form this part; and the utterances of the various minds are contrasted with exquisite skill. For a brief space peace reigns in the back-parlour at Brixton, but for a brief space only. The journals breed the inevitable quarrels, charges of plagiarism, bad grammar, and so forth, which seem inseparable from the literary genius. Nor are matters mended by the appearance of a second child (named, but not christened, Petronius), whom both David and Peregrine are forced to regard as an intruder. Affairs are at a deadlock; but Mrs. Southcott, with a daring to be matched in the fifth act of *Hamlet* alone, does not shrink from the only possible issue. Sappho, foreseeing a literary rival in her little half-brother, strangles him as he sleeps with one of her mother's shoe-laces, and then swallows a bottle of French boot-varnish in remorse. The chapter in which the dying agonies of the poor little murderer are described not only shows an intimate knowledge of the mysteries of the human stomach which Dr. Robson Roose might envy, but is one of the most pathetic things in literature. David stabs Peregrine from behind with his favourite bradawl, the gift of Bathsheba in earlier and happier days, and then leaps into the Grand Surrey Canal. Bathsheba alone is left. As the curtain falls on the solemn scene we see her copying into her journal the accounts of the coroner's inquests on the four bodies. As she blots the last page, and puts the book carefully away for the last time with other relics of her vanished past—her marriage-lines with Pickle, a photograph of Tom Jones and herself taken at Greenwich, the manuscript of *Love in the Ark*, the fatal shoe-lace, the blood-stained bradawl—we feel that the life-tragedy of this noble

woman is closed. And so feeling we, on our part, rise once more into that state and temper which is man's pledge and earnest of comfort in this mortal life—into the assurance that we have parted for ever with *Bathsheba Fickle*.

## NOVELS.\*

**CORINTHIA MARAZION** is a theological novel. It was written, as is perfectly evident, with all objects subordinated to that of stating certain views of Christian doctrine and of illustrating the belief of the author, the late Cecil Griffith (Mrs. S. Beckett) that the loftiest serenity and widest purity of mind can co-exist with absolute intellectual withdrawal from received Christian orthodoxy. Of course, there is nothing new to any one in this, nor does the literary merit of the book, which is real, relieve it from the wise assumption that theology and fiction are better not mixed. Still, it cannot be read without admiration for the writer's courage, candour, and sense of fairness, for her careful, patient, cultivated style, and her calm reasoning power. Cecil Griffith had assuredly bravery in thus stating her intellectual position. She has not hesitated before the words "the immorality of Christianity," yet the sincerest Christian need not refrain from reading *Corinthia Marazion* any more than he need deny himself the enjoyment of reading things by Mr. Huxley. Not, we hasten to add, to avert disappointment, that Cecil Griffith can offer the enjoyment caused by Mr. Huxley's lambent light of wit. Of wit in a certain sense she had plenty, but humour she had not, or, if she had, she was feeling too intensely in writing this story to employ it. Corinthia is the orphaned niece and adopted daughter of the philosopher Mr. Lockyer, who had arrived at the point of conviction most opposite to and distant from the Christian, and brought along with him the beautiful, noble, gifted girl, who is, as the horrified Mrs. Hildersleigh calls her, no better than a "beautiful Pagan." Mr. Lockyer's son, Norton, believes as little as either his father or cousin, but the soul of reverence which lies in them is not found in him. He is a scamp, and no worse for not being a Christian scamp. As he is a doctor he must observe outward conformities, and he insists that the marriage with Corinthia, which has been contemplated for years, must take place in church. The young lady refuses, and breaks the engagement rather than outrage her convictions, or rather, as she says, "act a lie"; for later, when her heart of pity and goodness is worked upon to wed the poor consumptive clergyman, Martin Heatley, out of compassion, the ceremony takes place in the usual way, since his conscience demands it. A very siege of love and theological zeal is laid to Corinthia's soul by her husband, who adores and longs to "save" her, but without the least effect. Her mind cannot swerve from truth as she sees it, and it is one of those rare feminine natures on which sentiment has no bearing and to which truth is everything. "My religion is to be true," she says. Acted up to as fully as Corinthia did, that religion includes all the Christian virtues. What has been said about the novel, though only one part has been touched on and there is besides plenty of character-sketching, incident, flirtations and other, and some vehement love-making, will probably decide readers to send for it or not as they care or do not care for novels of the kind. But those who do will find it much above the level of the ordinary recent novel.

It is a pity that the good intentions of Noel Dene, the writer of *The Aftermath*, should have been hampered by a style so hopelessly trite and flat. Not that alteration in that respect could by itself have turned the novel from what it is into a good one, but it might have made the task of reading it less wearisome. The author has conceived a situation of matrimonial infelicity not devoid of interest and clear of offence, and has worked it out to a happy conclusion in a way sufficiently natural. She has some slender knowledge of the external conditions of social life, and how people live in big country houses, and she has got the titles right. She knows or has read something about the Riviera, though as she constantly writes Baveno for Baveno her information about foreign parts cannot be much. But of human character, of the nature of men and women, of mental development, growth, action and re-action, of the springs that move and govern existence, she is as innocent as a kitten. All her people think alike, and think as a well-regulated tutorial mind of the feminine gender would think. They all talk alike, and talk with the completest absence of point and originality. They all write alike, and we are not spared their letters, nay, nor their telegrams. We are glad when all is made right between the Earl and Countess of Osmary, glad when Lady Osmary's garden party at Osmary Court to celebrate the first birthday of the son and heir goes off well, glad to close the last volume and to borrow one of

\* *Corinthia Marazion*. By the late Cecil Griffith (Mrs. S. Beckett). 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1892.

*The Aftermath*. By Noel Dene. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1892.

*The Baroness*. A Dutch Story. By Frances Mary Pearn. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1892.

*Mr. Jocko*. By J. Fogerty. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey.

*Under False Pretences*. By Adeline Sergeant. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1892.

*A Princess of Chaco*. By A. Wall. With Illustrations. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.

the author's typical phrases, "bring without further thought our meditations to a close."

Miss Pearn's story, *The Baroness*, is an illustration of the saying that your easy writing makes often decided hard reading. It is a Dutch story, which is nothing against it; it is a continuation of a former story, which is against it, especially as the fact is not mentioned till the end of the novel, and the unfortunate who has not had the advantage of reading *Near Neighbours* must continually be presented with shadowy and unexplained entities whom he is supposed to know all about. Besides this, there is not a single interesting or sympathetic person in the book. But the story flows on with a stream of puerile, petty, wrangling, small-minded talk, and monotonous description of monotonous scenery, with a fluency which arouses the liveliest gratitude in the mind of the reader that the author chose to stop at the end of two volumes. She could evidently have gone on indefinitely with the same ease. It is a common error to suppose that it is an easy thing to describe commonplace vulgar people amusingly. To do that you need to be placed at the height above them of Mrs. Gaskell, or Miss Austen, or George Eliot. It takes a great artist like Rembrandt to give us a portrait of smug *bourgeoisie* which shall delight us as long as the canvas holds together. The screen of portraits in a provincial photographer's studio is as weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable as a story about vulgar people told without the focus of genius or at least humour. These Dutch gossip-mongers of Miss Pearn's are very like life, no doubt, but it is a life without interest and without beauty. The Baroness herself, who gives the title to the book, is meant to be startling and engaging, but she is a failure. Married at eighteen to a man who undoubtedly is a bore, she persistently declines to accept the actualities of her position, and finally brings an absolutely false accusation against her husband of cruelty. He has struck her by accident, and she declares it to have been intentional, well knowing that it was not. She persists in the lie for the five years which are necessary in Holland to complete a divorce of this nature, and confesses at last, from some sentimental reason, not very clearly made out. None but a mean nature could act so basely. Miss Pearn has done better work than this, and, it is to be hoped, will do better again.

A philosophical theory is a very bad equipment for the production of entertaining fiction, and the particular theory of the relationship between apes and men seems one of the least adaptable means to an end an author can select. It is, however, the *donnée* Mr. Fogerty has chosen for his novel, *Mr. Jocko*, and we must admit we have read less amusing books. Mr. Fogerty is a writer of versatile views and accomplishments. It is evident that in the list of the latter the art of novel-writing is not included; but still there is, in what he himself calls "the series of sketches thrown together" under the title *Mr. Jocko*, a certain amount of discursive and amusing matter. The author admires Mr. Huxley, to whom he dedicates his work, believes in the duty of inculcating the doctrines of Darwin, worships his monkey-hero Jocko, and entertains inordinate hatred of Methodistical Christianity, or perhaps we should say, the Christianity of worldly-minded Methodists. That an amiable, well-trained monkey may be a more harmless habitant of this globe than a vicious man or woman may readily be granted, but that any monkey hitherto born into the world, and known to man, should bear comparison for sagacity, fidelity, constancy, and the higher virtues generally with those of a rightly constituted dog, is a thing few people who know animals will admit. The monkey may be an "amoozin' little cuss"—though, if we remember aright, the individual thus immortalized in literature was a kangaroo—but he lacks lamentably a formulated sense of responsibility. Readers interested in the question will find Mr. Fogerty has a great deal to say about it, together with largely expressed information on coal-mining, employment of children in factories, chemistry, Arabian surgery, hypnotism, nail-making, life in travelling menageries, Spiritualism, doctrinal theology, circus performances, buried treasures in old abbeys, and other cognate subjects.

Miss Adeline Sergeant does not, as Cuvier did, content herself with a single bone to build up the framework of her story, *Under False Pretences*. She gives us the skeleton complete in the prologue. A venerable time-worn dry-as-dust old piece of dramatic property it is. Here are the English lady and gentleman travelling in Italy, to whom arrives the irrelevant and unexpected baby. Here is the black-browed Italian nurse with twins of her own, who takes the little Luttrell to her cottage, and mixes the infants. Then happens the death of one child, and never after do parents, reader, author, or child know which died and which lived. On the last page the one survivor of the three implores the old Italian monk who is inevitably involved in the plot, as it has long existed, to say whether he is Brian or Bernardino or Lippo. "Young man," replies the reverend Prior, "you pay your money and you take your choice," or words to that effect. Between the prologue and the last page, however, are three bulky volumes of incident and description. Analysis of character and psychological discussions are not within the scope of fiction of this type. One Hugo Luttrell appears, whom the astute reader for some time believes to be the buried Lippo, or at least one of the mixed-up infants; but he is nothing of the sort. He is a villain of the Sicilian order, whereas the twins were born on the slopes of the "windy Apennine." Hugo Luttrell is as unnaturally bad as Brian and Dino are supernaturally good. Miss Sergeant is more successful with her young

ladies; but still they are mawkish. The distressful necessity of a third volume drives the author far afield, and, indeed, away out to sea, to wrecks and rocky reefs and desert islands whither the disconsolate student is dragged at her heels. A great many characters die, and the few left get home at last to our and their own relief; nor is there anything they could take from us we can more willingly part with than their departure.

*A Princess of Chalco* is a story of extraordinary adventure undertaken to discover the land of El Dorado, by one Mr. Frederic Wrenforth and his friend Dr. Gillett. Mr. Wrenforth, which is not the name of the author, is the narrator, and he has tried, he says, to avoid the fault of "Ananatical exaggeration." His faculty for the minuteness of realism does not equal Defoe's, nor does his romantic imagination at all rival Mr. Rider Haggard's. In fact, the verisimilitude absolutely necessary to make such stories interesting is quite absent, and Mr. Wrenforth's humour is too ponderous to carry his readers along with him. We are unable even to pretend that we believe in the mysterious followers of the Ruby Serpent, or in those of the Diamond Cross, or in the land where gold is worthless and tin priceless, or in the lovely Oosita, the Princess of Chalco, who made such a sensation at the English Court, on her marriage with Mr. Wrenforth and arrival in this country, where one gold piece is worth many tin vessels. The book is illustrated by poor pictures of people falling over precipices, and other striking situations, especially one in which a snake is about to devour a young lady half his size, and a young gentleman points a revolver in a position from which he may miss the anaconda but cannot fail to hit the girl.

## THE SHIKING.\*

"WHAT I understand," said Socrates of the writings of Heraclitus, "I find to be excellent; and therefore believe that to be of equal value which I cannot understand." It must have been a feeling akin to this which induced Sir John Lubbock to put the *Shiking* in his list of the hundred best books. There is, doubtless, much to admire in this, the earliest known collection of odes; but there is also much which, in the translations, is quite unintelligible. It by no means follows, however, that because, in the form in which they are presented to us, some of the odes are obscure, they are meaningless. The collection, which, according to tradition, was first edited by Confucius, would not have been preserved with such loving care through all the changes and chances which overtook the Empire during the last centuries before Christ, unless the Chinese had recognized in them merits and excellences which are hid from our eyes, and, for the matter of that, from the eyes of native scholars of later generations.

It is commonly believed that the odes of the *Shiking* were collected during the royal progresses through the several States which then made up the Empire, and that Confucius, finding them in some confusion, undertook to edit them. The contents of the compilation fully bear out this account of its origin. The odes are plainly the songs of the people, many of them being purely rustic lays referring to the every-day life of the peasants, and others having relation to social and political events in the various States. Unfortunately the Chinese commentators have not been content with this reasonable explanation of them; but have, with some few exceptions, attempted to import into them political references which are purely guesswork, and which might have been just as well omitted. The linking of a political event to an otherwise unintelligible piece of ancient poetry is often the happiest effort of a commentator; but it not unfrequently happens that among a nation of dry-as-dust bookworms like the Chinese this pursuit is carried to an extravagant length, and every simple ballad is made to bear an occult interpretation of which its author was entirely innocent.

This tendency is by no means confined to the Chinese. Students of English literature will remember the wild and extraordinary effort made by an author some fifty years ago to explain the national ballads and proverbs by political and religious references and far-fetched derivations. When an English writer has the hardihood to maintain that the song "Hi! diddle diddle, The cat and the fiddle, &c." must be an English transcription of a Dutch ballad, which, if such a one ever existed, would run

Hye! died t'el, died t'el,  
De fuit end de vied t'el, &c.

and that its argument is "you that work hard for your bread contrive among yourselves to shame the common thief and mischief-maker," this jackdaw (priest) keeps on repeating, "Plough the land duly; be painstaking, my man!" and this curse to every virtue continues harping on in the same strain till he is stopped short. Be sure you salute him at once with "My active fellow, take you this spade, and get your own bread with it honestly, and don't filch from others"—the Chinese may well be forgiven for attempting to discover allusions to political events or current opinions in the simple songs of the people.

In the Chinese odes, however, there is an additional element of uncertainty. We are by no means sure of the text. The early copies of the original work were destroyed at the burning of the

books in the third century B.C., and were only afterwards recovered from lips of students and others who had committed its contents to memory. Even since that time, scholars have introduced emendations and have altered the text with no sparing hand, so that we can be by no means sure that we have the odes as they were sung by the people of the pre-Confucian Chinese States. One result of this revising spirit is that the text has in many instances been made obscure to the verge of meaninglessness. It is said that a celebrated scholar of the Renaissance was obliged to invoke the devil to explain a passage of Aristotle, and so crabbed and unintelligible are many of the odes, as they now stand, that we suspect that, if that authority were still within call, his help would be constantly demanded to make their meaning clear.

As an illustration of these difficulties we may take his first ode, which is said by the majority of Chinese commentators to be allusive, and intended to celebrate the freedom from jealousy of the Bride of King W'en (B.C. 1231-1235), and her anxiety to fill his harem with virtuous ladies to share the royal favours with her. In the ode there is no sort of reference to this extraordinary lady, and the scholars of the Han Dynasty believed it to be a satirical piece intended to show up the amatory disposition of the king. It has been often translated, and never quite with the success which the efforts of the translators deserve. The most literal rendering is one by Dr. Legge, and runs as follows:—

Kwan-kwan go the Ospreys  
On the islet in the river.  
The modest, retiring, virtuous young lady:—  
For our prince a good mate she.  
Here long, there short, is the duckweed,  
To the left, to the right, borne about by the current.  
The modest, retiring, virtuous young lady:  
Waking and sleeping he sought her.  
He sought her and found her not,  
And waking and sleeping he thought about her.  
Long he thought; oh! long and anxiously,  
On his side, on his back, he turned, and back again, &c.

Like the king, the translator who hopes to gain anything out of this ode to reward his trouble will have to think long; oh! long and anxiously, on his side, on his back, and turn and back again. To begin at the beginning, *kwan-kwan* is said to be the harmonious note of the male and female answering each other. But what male and female? Dr. Legge says that the expression *Tsü chiu* means "the Ospreys." Those who approach the ode without the aid of the native commentators might be inclined to translate the expression by doves, since *Tsü* means "a pigeon," and *Chiu* "a dove." In a bridal ode the affection of husband and wife seems to find a juster comparison in the cooing of doves than in the loves of ospreys. But this must be given up because no commentator has ever suggested so natural an interpretation. The first editor of the odes declared that it was a bird of prey, of which the male and female keep much apart, and certainly the poor king "on his side and on his back" had to complain of the absence of his bride. A later commentator pronounced the bird to be a kind of eagle. But this it was felt was going too far. A pair of eagles in a dove-cot was plainly incongruous. So this explanation was given up in favour of one which asserted that the bird was of a mildly predatory nature, but "most affectionate, and yet most undemonstrative of desire." Still, it was recognized that this was unsatisfactory, and it was therefore propounded that it was "a water bird in appearance like a mallard." Other authorities have suggested other species of fowl, and Dr. Legge has come to the conclusion, striking an average, we suppose, among the commentaries, that the bird was a kind of fish-hawk, and so he renders the expression by "ospreys."

Mr. Jennings prefers the more general term of "waterfowl," and renders the two stanzas as follows:—

Waterfowl their mates are calling,  
On the islet in the stream.  
Chaste and modest maid! fit partner  
For our lord (thyself we deem).  
Water-lilies—long and short ones—  
Seek them left and seek them right.  
Twas this chaste and modest maiden  
He hath sought for morn and night.  
Seeking for her yet not finding,  
Night and morning he would yearn;  
Ah, so long, so long! and restless  
On his couch would toss and turn.  
Water-lilies—long and short ones—  
Gather, right and left, their flowers.  
Now the chaste and modest maiden  
Lute and harp shall hail as ours.  
Long and short the water-lilies,  
Pluck them left and pluck them right.  
To the chaste and modest maiden  
Bell and drum shall give delight.

It will be observed that in neither version is there a single reference to anything which the commentators profess to see in the ode. In fact, those scholars, with the best intentions, put most unnecessary stumbling-blocks in the way of those who would understand the Chinese classics. The result would be much better if translators, having studied history for themselves, would approach the task of interpreting the classics by discarding the commentators altogether, and by reproducing only the contents of the texts. We are now speaking of those who wish to appeal to the English public generally. Dr. Legge's object was a different one. He wrote for students of Chinese, and with infinite labour reproduced in his most elaborate notes all that the best known native scholars had to say on the odes. Mr. Jennings

\* *The Shiking*. The old "Poetry Classic" of the Chinese. A close Metrical Translation, with Annotations. By William Jennings. London: George Routledge & Sons.

was not so bound, and might, for example, have translated *Tsü* *chiu* by "doves," as there is nothing in favour of "waterfowls," except that "kwan-kwan" is something like "quack-quack."

Fortunately, the majority of the odes are not as obscure as this first piece, but are, what they profess to be, the simple songs of the peasant class. Tradition tells us that the object of making the collection in the first instance was to enable the ruler to judge of the dispositions of the peoples who sang them. And certainly it would be possible, were the localities which gave them birth more accurately defined, to compile by their aid a history of peasant life in the primitive Chinese States. Love, as in all ballads, is the staple subject of the odes, and from them we learn that before Confucius and his followers paralysed the national life by rules and formulæ, there was a natural freedom in the affairs of the heart. Young swains chose as their wives the maidens who pleased them best, and the maids were coy or kind as their inclinations guided them. In the marriage state we find the affection and constancy which is, or which is said to be, the outcome of this unfettered course. Absent husbands mourn in verse, and sometimes very pretty verse, their enforced estrangement from their homes, and wives sing to various tunes songs of which the burden is, with variations, "Men must work and women must weep." The tyranny of rulers breaks in occasionally on these idyllic scenes, and the dark side of Oriental rule is at times displayed; but, on the whole, the picture is an attractive one, and one which Mr. Jennings's version presents fairly and pleasantly.

As a rule Mr. Jennings reproduces the general drift of the odes, though it would not be difficult to put one's finger on incorrect renderings. But on this point we have no desire to find fault. When native scholars are constantly at variance as to the interpretation of certain passages, much may be forgiven a foreigner who enters the lists with them. Of Mr. Jennings's power of versification we will only say that it is evident that he was made a poet—not born one.

#### AN AMERICAN ODYSSEY.\*

THE number of possible translations of Homer into verse is infinite, as each new translator may use a different measure. Of translations into prose, however, it is likely that a few will suffice, prose admitting of less variety. Professor Palmer of Harvard has published a new prose rendering of the *Odyssey*. From the recent English version it differs mainly in three points; the English is less archaic, the periods are more broken up, the sentences are almost *saccades*, and the American version, we think, contains more blank verse printed as prose. Perhaps his blank verse is Professor Palmer's way of "marking gently the permeating joy by a simple rhythm." We confess that we prefer prose to prose, and verse to be verse, but, in a prose translation of Homer, blank verse has, no doubt, a way of breaking in, and escaping the notice of the translator, who, perhaps, thinks he is only marking the permeating joy. But permeating joy is a difficult thing to mark in the *pedestris oratio*. Looking through Professor Palmer's version, we note that he has his own ideas of translating the recurring epithets.

οἱ καὶ Βούς 'Υρειονος Ἑλιούο οἵσθιον is "who devoured the kine of the exalted Sun." Καλυψώ δια θειῶν is "the potent nymph, Calypso." We do not care for Εἰγισθος, "pressing beyond his due," for ὑπὲρ μόρον. "Pressing" is a phrase of golf, in which it has a meaning, and we regard ὑπὲρ μόρον as indicating "beyond what was ordained," rather than as equivalent to "beyond his due."

'Ερμειαν μὲν ἐπειτα διάστορον Ἀργεῖφόντην

Professor Palmer renders "Hermes, the Guide, the speedy-comer." Both epithets are obscure. The second, probably, did not mean "Argus-bane"—"the slayer of Argus"—originally. The question which we can hardly settle is, did it not mean that to Homer's audience? If it had originally a different sense, a *Volks-Etymologie* may have given rise to the myth of the slaying of Argus, but at what date? Homer certainly does not mention the story.

We may, perhaps, object to "Cyclops" standing for the plural of Cyclops; the unlettered reader would naturally take "Cyclop" for the singular. "Swing-paced," for oxen, is distinctly "quaint," in the sense in which Mr. Matthew Arnold disliked the quaintnesses of translators. On the other hand, to make Telemachus afraid that his guest will be "worried by the din" of the woors and "lose his taste for food" is to strike a very modern note; modern, too modern, also, it sounds when Professor Palmer says that Odysseus "is meeting hardship upon a sea-girt isle," where, in fact, as the guest and lover of a goddess, he was extremely comfortable. We protest against "light-haired Menelaus," as if the fair-haired hero were "sandy" as to his locks. As to blank verse, take

You too, my friend,  
For certainly I find you fair and tall,  
Be strong, that men hereafter born may speak  
Your praise. Now I will go to my swift ship.

This is "marking gently the permeating joy," perhaps, but this is not prose.

\* *The Odyssey of Homer*. Translated by George Herbert Palmer. New York: Houghton & Mifflin.

But tarry now, though eager for your journey,  
Bathe, and refresh your soul, then, glad at heart,  
Turn to your ship, bearing a gift of value,

says Telemachus, not to be behind Mentor in eloquence. Of thirty-six lines in one page chosen at random, nineteen are in blank verse. In the corresponding page of the latest English prose version there are five blank-verse lines; it is really very difficult to avoid this error, unless writers go deliberately over the whole and weed out the bastard verse. But Professor Palmer becomes rather annoying when out of the first nine lines on p. 17 eight are verse. The reader's attention once caught, he feels anything but a permeating joy when the blank verse breaks down. His ear is attuned to it, he resents it when he misses it, and would prefer to have the whole rendering in verse rather than in the following bastard mixed style of composition:—

Haunting this house of ours day after day,  
Killing our oxen, sheep, and fatted goats,  
They hold high revel, drinking sparkling wine,  
With little heed: much goes to waste, for there  
Is no man here like Odysseus to keep damage from our doors.  
We are not fit ourselves to guard the house,  
Attempting it we should be pitiful,  
Unskilled in conduct.  
Guard it I would, if only strength were mine,  
For deeds are done not to be longer borne,  
And with no decency my house is plundered.  
Shame you should feel yourselves and some respect as well for  
neighbours living near you,  
And awe before the anger of the Gods,  
Lest haply they may turn upon you, vexed  
With your evil courses.  
Nay, I entreat you by Olympian Zeus,  
And by that Justice which dissolves and gathers  
Men's assemblies, forbear, my friends,  
Leave me to pine in bitter grief alone,  
Unless, indeed, my father, good Odysseus.  
Ever in malice wronged the mailed Achaeans.

and so forth.

Clearly it is a mistake to call this a prose translation. It is a translation in prose and worse—much worse. The permeating joy keeps popping in, the reader knows not where it will meet him next, he scans and loses scansion and temper too. The "rhythm" is not unobtrusive, no, and we ourselves would rather read in rhyme (such Chapman wrote, such Worsley knew to build) than stagger up and down from verse to prose, from prose to verse, as learned Palmer flows, now smooth, now rough, like some too treacherous brook, where breaks and boulders vex you: such this book, we know not, we, if it be verse or prose, we know not which is stranger, no, not we.

Better it were for me you should yourselves  
Devour my stores and herds. If you devoured them,  
Perhaps some day there might be payment made.

Here is the story of Penelope:—

But when the fourth year came, as time rolled on,  
Then at the last one of her maids, who knew  
Full well, confessed, and we discovered her  
Unraveling the splendid web: so then  
She finished it against her will, perforse.

No one can call it noble verse, we think, and nobody can call it prose at all.

It is not easy to argue on such matters of taste as renderings of difficult epithets. But "infernal Mentor" seems rather a queer version of Μέντων ἀτραπτέ, and suggests, what cannot be correct, that Professor Palmer is thinking of Tartarus in connexion with *ἀτραπτέ*. In what follows—

Hard would it be for many more than we  
To fight with us on question of our food—

the correct translation is a matter of reasons so delicately balanced that any one of the possible renderings may be adopted. We cannot admire the idiom "To help you find"; "To help you to find" is more common, at least on this side of the great wave of Oceanus. There are places where Professor Palmer prefers the most remote meaning of a word, as πορφύρος, of a wave, which he renders "the upheaving water." We certainly think that Homer means to use the term in the sense of colour. Perhaps the most singular of Professor Palmer's renderings is "ecstatic" for μελιγύρων, the word which the Sirens use to describe their own song. We are acquainted with no authority for this meaning. "My suffering comrades" is an odd address from Odysseus to his men; while "You have been saying all the time I never should return" sounds as if the hero's wanderings had taken him very far west indeed. The Greek is:—

οὐδὲ μ' ἔτ' ἐφάσκεθ' ἵπποτροπον οἴκαδ' ικίσθαι,  
and we do not know what is here the Homeric equivalent for "all the time."

In the Twenty-second Book Professor Palmer translates

ἀνὰ πάντας μεγάροιο,

"by the vent-holes of the hall," which would be more satisfactory if we knew what vent-holes are. Are they windows, or some arrangement for ventilation, as their name seems to imply? Mr. Jebb thinks, from the use of the analogous πορφύρα in modern Greek, that they are narrow passages. Mr. Middleton thinks they may have been windows in a lantern serving for the escape of smoke, and these may be Professor Palmer's "vent-holes." Mr. Jebb, however, urges reasons against the hypothesis. A translation, unaccompanied by notes, can hardly solve these difficult, perhaps insoluble, problems.

We have indicated our chief objection to Professor Palmer's book—the inconsistency of prose which often runs into verse. Most prose translations, as we have before had occasion to show, present this vice; but few are so guilty as Professor Palmer's. For the rest, it appears to us to be, on the whole, accurate, and every translator will have his own theory of the best equivalent for the old poetic epithets, or at least he must make his choice, even if he has no very strong reasons for what he finally chooses.

## SOME AFRICAN BOOKS.\*

IT is the duty of the reviewer to record a protest in connexion with the batch of African travels which lies before him. The rage, real or presumed, for things African has led to a foreign as well as a home supply of African "reading." Three of the volumes before us are translated; and only one of them is done well, though that is done very well. The other two are done very badly—so badly as to be in parts unintelligible, unless the reader has the skill to hammer out conjecturally the German or Italian original from the pseudo-English gibberish which is set before him.

In the first of the books on our list, however, we are quite free from this curse. Mr. Portal's volume is brief, lively, and modest. It is not altogether pleasant reading for Englishmen, though the unpleasantness is not in the least Mr. Portal's fault. Indeed, it is not a little mitigated by the pluck and good sense shown in his dealings with Ras Alula and the Negus. But, with all respect to our rulers and governors, he was put in a thoroughly false position; and we can forgive the Abyssinian chiefs for not knowing what to make of it. England had herself no small claims on Abyssinia. We know from a chance phrase in another of the books before us—Gessi's—where it is all the more valuable inasmuch as that valiant Loubarb was not too well inclined to our nation, that long years after the expedition of Lord Napier of Magdala, the fame of what the English were prepared to do and had done to avenge their countrymen was spread all over North-Eastern Africa. We had made the Abyssinians feel our power and the Negus John was thoroughly well disposed to feel our friendship. Suddenly, and no doubt to his equal surprise and disgust, he found us playing the part of Sir Pandarus of Troy between Abyssinia and Italy, inviting him to submit to Italian embraces and to pardon Italian violence. We would not help him against Italy; we would not use our legitimate and hard-earned influence for our own benefit; we only told him how nice it would be if he would allow our dear friend Italy to seize his territory, play at protecting himself, and establish, partly at his expense and altogether to his detriment, an Italian colony on the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. We repeat that we think the part thus played by England both a very unintelligible part and rather an ugly one, and we shrewdly suspect, from some remarks of his, that Mr. Portal would not entirely disagree with us. He, however, in carrying the Queen's and Lord Salisbury's letters to the Negus was simply doing his duty, and a very disagreeable and a rather dangerous duty too. How pluckily and well he got the better both of the disagreeables and the dangers was known in a general way already, and is told here not by any means at disproportionate length and in a pleasant manner.

Romolo Gessi was a very remarkable man, and he did very remarkable things, his exploits in the Bahr-el-Ghazal ranking among the most romantic episodes of war in recent times. Few men ever undertook a more desperate duty, in appearance at least, than he did when he accepted from Gordon the commission of suppressing Suleiman Zebehr's revolt. He had literally to manufacture, on the field of battle, an army with which to fight a well-equipped force of many thousand disciplined troops fresh from victorious revolt. The Egyptian officers upon whose garrisons and stores he was empowered to draw were almost to a man slave-traders, or interested in the trade of which Suleiman was the champion. The whole country was covered with slave-traders pure and simple. It was itself also one of the most difficult countries in the world—at one time an apparently waterless desert, at another a huge morass with a few islets of uncovered ground in the midst of overflowing rivers and lagoons. His means were so scanty that just before one of his most important fights he had to take his cartridges to pieces and make them up again with a little less gunpowder in each, in order to supply his forces with a tolerable number of rounds. He had to "lie low" for weeks and months together, waiting for men, or provisions, or ammunition. Yet he managed to defeat Suleiman's troops over and over again, to capture their fortified villages and zaribas, to make

their chief himself a prisoner, and, on his attempting to escape, to shoot him, to put down at least the more ruthless form of slave-trading and raiding completely, and to make the whole country from the Niam-Niam border to Darfur peaceful and apparently contented for a time. We say "apparently" and "for a time," and in these two little phrases lies the whole secret of the lamentable reverse which followed. The book is as much of a tell-tale as the history of Montrose's expeditions. Brilliant as Gessi's and his chief Gordon's exploits were, there was nothing at the back of them. Given a man of exceptional pluck, energy, resource, and personal influence, he would make great way for a time. The negroes, exasperated by some unusual excesses of slave-raiding, would join him; the "Bezingers" (black soldiers armed with guns, and more or less disciplined) on his side would stand by him, and those on the other desert to him; the opposing chiefs would show less pluck, less energy, and less resource than himself, and all would be well. But after a time the tide would turn; the successful officer would die, would be disgraced, would be called to a different part of the country; a chief of merit would arise on the other side; the religious motive would be called into play; the immemorial custom, if not the absolute local necessity, of slavery would assert itself; some of the authorities on the side of order would be feeble, treacherous, corrupt. And then all the reforms would be swept away at once, and chaos let loose again. To which it must be added, in the particular case, that Gessi's judgment was not quite equal to his spirit. He was a hot-headed Italian, desperately jealous of English influence with the Government, and constantly thinking that he himself was slighted. He once flung his uniform-cap and his commission with it at Gordon's feet because the Pasha said, "What a pity you are not an Englishman!" His account of his reasons for shooting Suleiman after receiving him to quarter is very brief and not very satisfactory. He once shot thirty slave-traders whom he had in custody because he came upon a murdered girl by the roadside who had a pretty face. There is very little doubt that the bullets found excellent billets. But still the men were not more guilty than they had been the day before, and it was impossible that they should have been art and part in the particular crime. No doubt it is very difficult for a man of generous temperament to avoid this kind of wild justice in such circumstances, and it is often effective for the moment. But we are afraid it is true that the cool, ruthless, but reasoned variety pays better in the long run. However, there is no doubt that Gessi was a hero, and he was not too well treated by his employers.

Dr. Junker's and Major Wissmann's books are of inferior interest, though valuable for filling up the map of African geography and anthropology. Dr. Junker, whose death we regret to have to record elsewhere, in the portion of his travels here given (1879-1883) hovered about in the Niam-Niam or Zandeh country, on the upper waters of the great Welle or Ubangi River, which some day, and perhaps at no distant one, will be of the first importance in the distribution of European influence in Central Africa, and of which both the French and the Free State have been making efforts to get hold. He never got far across it into the territory immediately bordering on the north Mr. Stanley's Equatorial Forest. Major Wissmann merely went five years ago up the Kassai affluent of the Congo in company with some Belgians, penetrated nearly to the borders of Lunda, then struck across to the Congo itself at Nyangwe, and, there being trouble on the east of Tanganyika, made his way by, what may almost be called the beaten track of that lake, Lake Nyassa and the Shiré to the Zambezi. Subsequent arrangements have deprived the trip of all political importance, and except the middle part, or from the Falls of the Kasai to Nyangwe, its geographical interest is not great. It shows, however, the late chief of German East Africa in a very favourable light as an explorer. He had, indeed, in his journey very little fighting, and no serious difficulties of other kinds; but what he had seems to have met with much resolution, coolness, and intelligence. Dr. Junker, of course, was a purely scientific traveller, and not likely to use force at all. He put up with this or that black prince who would give him assistance onwards, or let him study the men and beasts in his neighbourhood. We wish he had not been so fond of shooting chimpanzees. And when he wounded one and kept it tame, he surely might have attended to its wounds better than he seems to have done.

We have seldom read a pleasanter book of its kind than Mrs. Monteiro's account of her sojourn (for the second time, it would appear) at Delagoa Bay. A widow and an enthusiastic naturalist, she returned, it would seem, some years ago, to a so-called "cottage" (it was fifty feet long) some way out of the town of Lourenço Marques, which she and her husband had inhabited some time before. That Mrs. Monteiro is no *femmelette* may be judged from the fact that, on landing, she went up to her uninhabited and dilapidated abode, put her ulster on a cane deck-lounge, and slept there placidly by herself. All through her stay she seems to have been, in a much truer sense than Mrs. Gummidge's, a lone lorn woman, with no companions but Kafir "boys," her horse, her kitten, her dog, and a multitude of pets, temporary or permanent, ranging from large grey owls, which were captured for chicken-stealing, to all sorts of strange toads and nondescript beasts. Not merely of her special subject—butterflies, caterpillars, &c.—but of all the minor fauna and much of the flora of the place, she gives a most pleasant history, interspersed

\* *My Mission to Abyssinia.* By Gerald H. Portal. London: Arnold. *Seven Years in the Soudan.* By Gessi Pasha. London: Sampson Low & Co.

*Travels in Africa.* By Dr. Wilhelm Junker. London: Chapman & Hall.

*Through Equatorial Africa.* By Hermann von Wissmann. London: Chatto & Windus.

*Delagoa Bay.* By Rose Monteiro. London: Philip. *South Africa, from Arab Domination to British Rule.* Edited by R. W. Murray. London: Stanford.

*Italian Explorers in Africa.* By Sofia Bompiani. London: Religious Tract Society.

*In Afrikanderland.* London: "Pall Mall Gazette" Office.

'with anecdotes and sketches of native life. Incidentally she makes us gnash our teeth once more at the stupidity which made England let Delagoa Bay slip through her fingers by the arbitration juggle; but directly the book has no political bearing whatever. It is simply a very pleasant addition to that true "Selborne Library," the title of which has sometimes been usurped, but which, if no very extensive collection, is a very charming one, and one to which those who prize it most are the most chary of giving incautious tickets of admission.

We have a certain dislike, which is not a crotchet, but founded on much experience, for what the French call *livres factices*—a term, it is true, which is rather a wide one, but which certainly applies to the letterpress of Mr. Murray's *South Africa*. Its rather more than two hundred pages are made up thus. First comes an essay on "The Portuguese in Africa," seventy pages long, by Professor A. H. Keane, an authority not to be surpassed in physical or contemporary political geography, but, at least as he shows himself here, not quite so good in geographicopolitical history. It ends up with a rather unnecessary, and decidedly ungraceful, indictment of Portugal. Next we have fifty pages extracted from Dapper's *Africa*, a book of the seventeenth century; and then divers short chapters, by the editor and other persons, on "The Settlements of the South," the "March to Mashonaland," and divers other things. Such a medley does not make a book so much as it leaves the reader to make one for himself out of the materials which are given to him. Good temper, however, is to some extent restored with the volume by two or three handsome illustrations, and still more by the excellent maps with which Messrs. Stanford have supplied it. Two of these—Pigafetta's of 1591 and Dapper's (or, rather, Van Meurs's) of 1668—are capitally facsimiled, and of much interest; the other three are modern, and well adapted for their purpose.

Sig. Bompiani's *Italian Explorers in Africa* gives a brief but not ill-done account of the doings of Piaggio, Gessi, Casati, and other less well known Italian travellers in Africa.

*In Afrikanderland*, which appears without an author's name (except the initials F. E. G. to the preface), is a cheap book, abundantly, and by no means ill, illustrated. It is sometimes written little too much in that style of mingled burlesque and bravura which is supposed to tickle the newspaper reader; but, on the whole, is quite inoffensive, easily readable, and full of information.

#### ETCHING.\*

OF Mr. Herkomer's talent there can be no question, and we have no doubt whatever of his integrity. But of his judgment there may be two minds, and the handsome volume before us hardly displays the wisdom of the serpent. In the face of recent attacks, pursued with great bitterness and pertinacity, Mr. Herkomer observed a dignified reticence. His letter to the *Times*, which was much commented on when it appeared, begged all lovers of etching to wait for his complete reply, and he very properly associated that reply with his responsible position as an Oxford Professor. We have waited, and at length the volume arrives. In temper, and, we think, in argument, it is all that could be desired; but we consider the form unhappy. What, we ask ourselves, are the contents of these pages? The title-page says they are "Lectures delivered at Oxford," but that is all. No preface, no introductory note, tells us when or where they were given. We are sure that Mr. Herkomer has only to reflect to see how important it is that we should distinctly know whether these are lectures which he delivered as a Slade Professor or as a private individual, and still more whether they were given before or after a recent controversy. In a spirit which is wholly friendly to Mr. Herkomer, we urge him in a second edition to give us these precise facts, and to explain in what sense this disquisition on the technical art of etching can be said to represent a series of lectures. These are points on which it behoves him to be explicit.

Again, if a judicious friend had glanced at these lectures in proof, we cannot but believe that he would have advised Mr. Herkomer to cancel certain naïvetés of a confidential kind. We know not why, in a treatise on etching, he should give us this singular information:—

When I think back, and remember that I had never seen an etched plate when I commenced my experiments, nor seen any impression of a Rembrandt etching, I wonder how I could have produced such work as my own portrait (with my two children in the corner of the plate), which must, after all, remain one of my best etchings.

The plate Mr. Herkomer refers to is a well-known one, and we find it dated 1879. At the age of thirty, then, and when he was already an Associate of the Royal Academy, Mr. Herkomer had never seen "any impression of a Rembrandt etching." How had he succeeded in achieving this extraordinary feat? We should have thought it absolutely impossible for any artist to live in a civilized country and escape seeing a Rembrandt etching. But, whether that be so or not, this is an example of the more frivolous side of these lectures, a tendency to diverge into what is mere fruitless gossip.

We have done with carping, however. The treatise is a useful

one, if ill arranged and written with too much of the garrulity of the literary amateur. Mr. Herkomer describes with gusto his invention of a new white ground for positive process, obviating the dangers of the negative method, and enabling the artist to see what he is doing, instead of having constantly to translate, by a rapid mental effort, the "glittering copper lines on a jet black ground" into black lines on a white ground. From Mr. Herkomer's description, this new process, however, would seem to be very troublesome to prepare, and the act of imagination should not be one which is unfriendly to an artist's handicraft. The practical instructions given in the course of the volume seem valuable and exact. They are made lucid by the instinct of the man who has learned to succeed in experiment rather than in the schools. Perhaps, if Mr. Herkomer had lived more among etchers—he tells us that he has seen little of the work of his contemporaries in this art—he might be less able to realize the difficulties of etching, and to indicate the means by which they are to be overcome.

The most amusing portion of Mr. Herkomer's volume, however, is found in the plates, thirteen in number, which are distributed through it. The frontispiece displays the etcher at work, and is a portrait of Mr. Herkomer bending ecstatically over the acid bath in which the plate is standing. The fumes of the mordant rise in a vaporous column, which is fancifully wrought into the figure of a woman, probably the Genius of Etching. Why does she arise, however, feet foremost? and why is the head of the etcher so black among the pale accessories as to look like a cannon-ball careering through a fog? We are doubtless very stupid, but we do not comprehend what is a "pen-etching," such as we see opposite p. 30. If it is made with a pen, how can it be an etching? We search the text in vain for an explanation of this. The "Bavarian Peasant" (p. 38) is an interesting plate, and "A Charterhouse Study" (p. 50) is quite charming in the relation of tones, an exquisite bit of work. So is the dry-point of a half-nude female model called "Gwendydd" (p. 52). We do not know whether a gwendydd is a kind of etching invented by Mr. Herkomer or whether this is the Christian name of the lady depicted; no explanation is vouchsafed. A very pretty sketch of a woman with dark eyes and hair, leaning on her hand, faces p. 54; this, we are told, is a sketch from nature, made entirely with the burin in about three hours. We are informed that this plate is "printed badly from the steamed-surface." It does not appear that it is inserted as a helot, to expose any evil practice in printing. Why, then, did Mr. Herkomer not have it well printed? He cannot have been pressed for time. These are the little blemishes which mar our pleasure in a very handsome volume, which can never, we think, be looked upon as a handbook to the art of etching, but which contains a variety of interesting and stimulating remarks by an artist of wide experience and great versatility.

#### SELLAR'S AUGUSTAN POETS.\*

PLEASURE in this last work of one of our finest scholars is damped by regret that it is posthumous. Nor is it easy to recall, after nearly a generation, the enthusiasm with which the younger men of our Universities welcomed Mr. Sellar's volume on the poets of the Roman Republic. *Non eadem est aetas*. We will stop short of adding *non mens*, but many of us to whom the classics were then an occupation have now to be content with prizing them as a too rare diversion. Besides, we all think we know Horace; whereas, in those days at any rate, there were few who knew much of Lucretius and Catullus. Yet we see no reason why young men learning to appreciate the Latin poets as literature should not now take the same kind of delight in Sellar's exposition of Horace and Tibullus that their predecessors took in his exposition of the older poets. At any rate the same qualities are there. Mr. Sellar was as nearly a model critic as any one man could be. His author is always a real person to him in human as well as in literary qualities; and study of the man goes hand in hand with study of the poet, while kept so distinct from it as to avoid all topics of irrelevant prejudice. To this Mr. Sellar added the still more uncommon gift of indicating his own preferences, and yet leaving the case quite fairly to the reader. Certain of our younger scholars who seem anxious to gain a premature reputation by copying the less amiable features of German controversy would do well to take example by his courteous prudence in declining to rush headlong into novelties, and yet speaking well of whatever his judgment could honestly approve in the suggestions of innovators.

Horace occupies the better half of this volume; then come Tibullus and his circle; then Propertius; and lastly there is an unfinished section on Ovid. We do not think any lover of Horace will be dissatisfied with Mr. Sellar's treatment of him. Horace's claim to be, what the experience and judgment of centuries have proved him, the familiar friend of scholars, has never been more fully and wisely vindicated. Mr. Sellar brings out his qualities with a kind of happy modesty which seems inspired by Horace's own epistolary manner. Such a phrase as this occurs as we turn over the book:—"In the absence of formality with which he introduces the subject, he again reminds us of Addison and the

\* *Etching and Mezzotint Engraving. Lectures delivered at Oxford.* By Hubert Herkomer, R.A., M.A., Slade Professor of Fine Art in the University of Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co.

\* *The Roman Poets of the Augustan Age.* By W. Y. Sellar, late Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh, &c. *Horace and the Elegiac Poets.* With a Memoir of the Author by Andrew Lang. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1892.

other writers in the *Spectator*." Obviously Mr. Sellar knew that not only the sequence of time but the strict justice of literary history would have us say that Addison and the others, when they are at their best, remind us of Horace. But he also felt that his slightly ironic way of putting it would really be more effective. And he has conveyed at the same time a substantial truth. It was natural and easy for the society writers of the eighteenth century to imitate Horace because Horace is already so much of a modern. Readers whose friendship with Horace has stood the test of a generation or more will find their judgment confirmed and enlarged by Mr. Sellar. We speak of friendship not in presumption, but as expressing, we believe, universal experience. No one can well and truly learn from Horace without the reward of finding in him a friend as well as a master.

At the same time those who seek for new lights will have no legitimate cause of disappointment. Mr. Sellar weighed Dr. Verrall's extremely ingenious concatenation of certain parts of the Odes with Murena's conspiracy, and was disposed to accept it in part, while indicating in the most delicate and uncontroversial manner that he did not see his way to accepting the more refined and remote branches of Dr. Verrall's hypothesis. In like manner Mr. Sellar deals with the supposed Greek origin of the *Ars Poetica* in an open-minded and yet cautious temper. His remarks on the form and style of Horace's poetry show a quality which for this purpose is no less indispensable than exact scholarship, a good and well-trained ear, and sound literary taste. The comparison of Horace with Catullus is a perilous task for those who love them both; Mr. Sellar's discretion is here shown at its best. Catullus is beyond a doubt more intense, more naturally lyrical. "Horace nowhere reaches such heights of creative imagination as Catullus reaches in the Attis, nor is he capable of the sustained union of vivid feeling with vivid imagery which we find in the Epithalamium in honour of Manlius and Vinia." Yet Horace is the more typical and consummate artist. "Where he is superior to Catullus is in the wider range and greater dignity of his art. He is in sympathy with human life in many more of its relations. It is permissible to think that Catullus had a stronger and more vivid nature, and yet to hold that the work of Horace, even if limited to the Odes, is a more important contribution to Roman literature, that it is more truly representative of the idea of Rome than any other work except the *Aeneid*, and that it bears the stamp of immortality—artistic perfection—more surely than any work except the *Georgics*. If his was not so purely a poetic nature as that of Catullus, he was a man much more complete."

In the second part of the volume the general introduction on Roman Elegy, and the studies of Tibullus and Propertius, were left by Mr. Sellar ready for publication. We have only a sketch of the intended chapters on Ovid, and that not covering the whole ground. If fate would have it that we must lose something of Mr. Sellar's work, this is the loss which we should have chosen as most tolerable. For it is plain that Ovid was the least interesting of the Roman elegiac poets to Mr. Sellar. And this emboldens us to avow that such has always been our own feeling. Ovid, the "short Ovid" of old Eton days (to wit, selections from the elegiac poems), varied by "long Ovid" (to wit, the *Metamorphoses*), used to be the Latin poet to whom studious English youth were first introduced; we believe the practice continues. We do not know whether it were dictated by a just scruple about using the really great masters for necessary but distasteful drill in the beggarly elements of accidence and syntax, or by the less profound reason that Ovid is easy as compared to Horace or Virgil. No doubt Ovid is easier for beginners than these, let alone Lucretius or Catullus, and this for the very reason that he is no match for them as a poet. He deals in the facile commonplaces of poetic diction; he is less individual, less Roman, less Latin. Much in the same way Xenophon's prose is easy because it is already beginning to lose the true Attic flavour and take on the colourless cosmopolitan fluency of "Hellenistic" Greek, which in another century or so was to wear itself out of all distinction as the current coin of Mediterranean civilization. In one work, indeed, Ovid becomes to some extent a genuine Latin poet. Perhaps Mr. Sellar might have passed a more favourable judgment on the *Fasti* than on the remaining bulk of Ovid's verse. But he did not live to proceed so far.

Tibullus evidently had Mr. Sellar's own preference among the three masters of Augustan elegiac verse. Mr. Sellar admits the force and vitality of Propertius, but holds that they are gravely marred by obscurity, want of balance, and Alexandrian "preciosity," if we may be allowed the word. If any one differs with Mr. Sellar on this point, opinion is free; but he will differ, as Mr. Sellar points out, with Quintilian also. Neither Tibullus nor Propertius is much read nowadays except by professional students of Latin literature. And yet it is doubtful whether a man can really know his Virgil and Horace without knowing something of Tibullus and Propertius also. We have one interesting point of contact in the friendship of Horace for Tibullus, attested by an ode and an epistle to Albius, whose identity with Albius Tibullus the poet Mr. Sellar accepted notwithstanding recent superfluous doubts. And the interest is heightened by contrast when Horace gives us to understand, in the second Epistle of the second book, that between himself and Propertius, who expected to be treated as the Roman Callimachus ("quis nisi Callimachus?"), there was not much love lost. Modern readers, how-

ever, have no time for the byways of Roman literature. The less than half told tale of Sulpicia, lover and poetess, which has come down to us as a sort of appendix to Tibullus, will as a rule interest even scholars less than the memoirs of our own time. If a few lines of Tibullus may be said to live on the lips of men, or at any rate of scholars, a gracefully turned phrase like

Mille habet ornatus, mille deconter habet,  
an exquisitely modulated voice of true feeling like

Te teneam moriens deficient manu,  
or that familiar rubric of lovers' purities,

peruria ridet amantum  
Iuppiter et ventos irrita ferre iubet,

which however lives in imitation rather than quotation, it is perhaps due rather to the omnivorous reading of the Renaissance than to any diligence of our own time. We may be allowed to make a suggestion which may add, for some readers, to the modern interest of Propertius. Although his genius cannot be called in any way lyrical, we think that in both his power and his faults a curious parallel might be drawn between him and Dante Rossetti.

We must not part from the memory of Mr. Sellar without calling attention to Mr. Andrew Lang's short biography prefixed to the volume. Like everything that Mr. Lang has done in this kind, it is the work of a good friend, a good scholar, a man of taste, and a humanist in the best sense.

#### THE DESTITUTE ALIEN.\*

THIS volume is interesting in nearly every part, because it is written chiefly by men whose knowledge is not derived from books, blue or other, and tables of statistics, but who have a personal acquaintance with our very undesirable guest, the destitute alien. Its intellectual value is not great. The only paper in it which reaches a high level of political and economical discussion is Mr. Montague Crackanthorpe's essay in reply to the question, "Should Government interfere?" with the stranger at our gates to close them against him. That, of course, is the question; and the other essays in the volume are of importance only in so far as they contribute materials on which the answer should be based. In Mr. Crackanthorpe's thirty pages is the condensed essence of the volume. In them the facts and arguments which are relevant to the issue are stated with the lucidity and precision of a trained and judicial intellect. If his essay could be detached from the volume, and published as a pamphlet apart, its usefulness would be increased, though it would leave its associates in these pages without the interest which they derive mainly from companionship with it and from the casual illustrations in detail which they supply of his generalized statements of facts. One at least of the essays—that by Mr. C. B. Shaw, with which the volume opens, on what he calls "The Huguenot and Flemish Invasion"—has really nothing to do with the subject of the book. The Huguenots and Flemings whom the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the persecutions of Alva drove into England were not destitute aliens. They brought not only the wealth latent in the new arts and industries of which they were the masters, but often considerable sums which they had been able to acquire by the realization or friendly transfer of their property. The liberties granted to foreign merchants in the Great Charter, and the inducements offered by Edward III. and later sovereigns to foreign artisans to settle in the country, show that the problem of the destitute alien does not belong to these periods of our history. Mr. Shaw's aim is, perhaps, to show that the encouragement and welcome given to Flemings and Germans, to Walloons and French, are not a precedent for opening our doors to Russian and Polish Jews and to the Calabrian colonists of Saffron Hill. The earlier immigrants brought with them not only greater industrial skill, but, as is often the case with men driven by conscience into exile, a higher standard of conduct and severer rules of living than were common in England. This cannot be said of the "Greeners," who are enlarging their border in Whitechapel, who have passed what used to be the frontier of Commercial Street, and who have driven the flat-nosed Saxon from the alleys and model dwellings which were formerly reckoned as his quarter. According to Mr. Reaney, who writes in perhaps a somewhat too declamatory fashion about the moral aspect of the question, these Jeddish-speaking tribes degrade industry, lower the physical standard of living, and are centres of moral degradation and depravity. He questions the religious persecution theory which would place them in the same category with the Flemish and Huguenot refugees of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Considering the treatment of German Lutherans and schismatic sects in Russia, this is pushing scepticism too far. But there can be little doubt that other causes intensify the anti-Jewish crusade of the Imperial Government. The Jewish spirit-dealers and usurers who poison the health and eat up the resources of whole communes are, on better grounds than the hatreds of faith and race, unacceptable to the State.

The competency and right of Parliament to exclude emigrants whose settlement in the country is economically and morally

\* *The Destitute Alien in Great Britain: a Series of Essays dealing with the subject of Foreign Pauper Emigration.* Arranged and Edited by Arnold White. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

injurious—tending to increase pauperism, to lower the standard of comfort and conduct—is as unquestionable as its right to exclude cattle infected with foot-and-mouth disease, the alternative of slaughtering at the port of landing not being applicable in the case of the destitute alien. "A political asylum," as Mr. Crackan thorpe pertinently remarks, "is one thing, a refuge for the destitute is another." The two points to be considered are, first, whether the evil has reached, or threatens presently to reach, an extent which would justify Government interference, and, secondly, whether that interference would be effectual for its purpose. The Sweating Committee of the House of Lords reported that the immigration had not, except in particular trades, reached dimensions which in any great degree affected the rate of wages. But a very few persons accepting lower wages will be sufficient to reduce the rate of wages in an entire trade. Mr. Giffen admits that in 1890 there was a substantial increase in the number of destitute immigrants, and especially of Polish Jews, into England. The number is likely to increase. The Czar has five million Jews to get rid of in one way or another, and the legislation of the United States, of Canada, and most of our colonies, excludes such of them as have no visible means of support. They are, therefore, likely to come in increasing swarms to England. It may seem a harsh thing to shut the only open door upon the destitute alien, Jew or Gentile, but it is a harsher thing to take the children's meat and give it to the dogs. Mr. Crackan thorpe points to the inconsistency of our thirty-seven Societies for promoting emigration, which take away the best of our working class, while we allow the immigration of a much lower class of labourers. "One might as well try to empty a reservoir by opening a waste pipe at the bottom of it, without shutting off the pipe of inflow at the top." This is, perhaps, to underestimate the case. The legislation of the United States is not directed merely against the importation of destitute aliens. It prohibits the entry of foreign labourers of any kind under contract or promise of employment. From the speech of Sir S. W. Griffith, reported in the *Times* of Monday, February 15, it appears that the working classes of Queensland have set themselves against the importation of European labour into that colony. It is probable that with the increasing power of the working classes in every State this principle of exclusion will be more and more generally applied; so that the resource of emigration is likely to be diminished. Are we at the same time to allow a pauper immigration to glut the labour market, and increase that difficulty of over-population which is the root of the evil? Mr. Crackan thorpe is in favour of legislation on the lines of the American Alien Act, confined, we presume, to the case of the destitute alien, if, after further and more searching inquiry, the magnitude of the evil should convince Parliament and the country of the necessity for this drastic legislation in abatement of it. But though the evil may be thus lessened, it will not be removed. Recklessly early marriages and thriftless living are sources of mischief which the competition of the destitute alien renders more acute, but which will survive his exclusion, unless there be a change of character and purpose.

#### PLAYHOUSE IMPRESSIONS.\*

THE dramatic critic who troubles himself to define with delicate exactitude his theory of the calling may fairly be regarded as a serious person. Mr. Walkley has done this thing very completely, by a clear statement of what he claims, and of what he disclaims, in virtue of his office. He will in nowise come to judgment of plays or players. Not for him is the "entirely right" or the "absolutely wrong" of dogmatism. He does not aspire, in any sense, to direct or control the taste of the public. In short, he abandons the traditions of the elders. Mr. Walkley casts himself in the school of M. Jules Lemaitre, and is all for undulating with the undulating tide. For him, as with M. Anatole France, there is no objective criticism. He is for subjecting himself to a sea of impressions, and as he notes the fleeting sensations of the short playhouse hour he would be many-sided, "ondoyant et divers." So taken is he with the impressionist theory of the critic's function it seems, that he, like M. Anatole France again, covets the faceted eye of the fly, though how that would benefit him we cannot conceive. The best entomological authorities assure us that did he possess that organ the critic-fly would be no better off than if he owned the eye of Charles Lamb. The "ondoyant" theory is serviceable enough to work upon if only the practitioner be to the manner born, though even the most gifted impressionist cannot cut himself off from the critical family—the old judicial school which Mr. Walkley thinks is in no need of recruits. Mr. Walkley is himself a very convincing witness to the truth, as is strikingly shown by comparing the ingenious exposition of the pleasures of ignorance in the notice of Mr. Robert Buchanan's *Clarissa* with the excellent criticism of the Criterion representation of *She Stoops to Conquer*. No doubt, if Mr. Walkley's method consisted of the receiving and recording of impressions—and there's an end of it—the ways of the critic were paths of pleasantness. What more delightful prospect could he have than to enjoy "the adventures of his own soul among masterpieces"? But to the enjoyment of this pursuit he must bring the power of enjoyment, and this power is

inclusive of the full critical equipment. If it be true that impressions are for the impressionist, it is not less true that there can be no sensations worthy of record for the mind that is in a state of flux like the impressionistic element in which it floats. Let him be as subjective as he will, the moment he takes up the recording pen he finds the direction of his impressions determined by the shaping influences of knowledge, experience, and the comparative study of many schools of acting and of various styles of dramatic writing. He may decline to proceed to finality in judgment, but he can no more avoid these influences than he can escape from the thinking process. Let it be imagined that all our dramatic critics are converted by the temptation held forth by Mr. Walkley's entertaining plea. It is appalling to think of the soul-adventures, the nightmare record of sensations, the unbridled gambols of the Ego let loose that would result if our critics all agreed to exercise the right to talk about themselves. Still, if we regard the piteous estate of the dramatic critic as described by Mr. Walkley, we must admit that the new method is tempting. If the dramatic critic is in some sort a literary outcast, we are convinced it is not altogether the fault of the dramatic critic. The greater portion of the playgoing public may want light; but they do not want leading. The actors, of course, have nothing to learn. The managers know their own business, or they would not long be managers. What, then, is the critic to do? Let him float at the receipt of sensation, is Mr. Walkley's advice.

Now, if Mr. Walkley's practice were in literal accord with his theory, we should very speedily have done with his book. There would have been no other call upon us than to commend the cleverness of his performances. We should applaud the gaiety of those amusing and variegated illustrations of his method, and fervently trust that none of the old guard of dramatic criticism may be seduced by the apparent facility of it to try his hand. There is, for example, that very clever and diverting anticipation of the development and quality of a play—*The Idler*, by Mr. Haddon Chambers—from a study of the stage properties revealed in the first scene. Dull must that mere theatrical critic be who can read this without pulsation of pride in his calling. It opens before us an unlimited field for the exercise of smartness. You might, for instance, deal with a new play without so much as a glance at the stage by the mere hearing of it, as "darkling you listen," in a box—and a more delicate and sensitive test the true actor could not desire. The voice of the actor, by the way, is almost entirely neglected in the objective criticism of the day. Few study the subject, and not many touch upon it save with a tender shyness. But, as we have observed, Mr. Walkley's practice is unfettered by his theory. One of the most characteristic papers in his delightful book describes a visit to the Vaudeville with Mr. Buchanan's *Clarissa* on the boards. The critic frankly tells us he had not read Richardson's novel. Here was a rare opportunity for the open mind of the impressionist. He revels in the pleasures of ignorance, as he points out, in his airy way, how he was saved from making dark allusions to "sacrilege," "body-snatchers," and other impertinences inevitable with the old judicial mind. There was no possibility of a warp in his judgment of the play. Yet, in spite of these advantages, Mr. Walkley actually supplies a truly critical estimate of the acting. Then, again, in the series of articles on "Artificial Comedy"—all of which are good—we find a judgment of the playing of *She Stoops to Conquer* at the Criterion that is worthy of ranking among the best examples of the old judicial school. The critic here is nothing but judicial. There is no thought of the bias of "a cut-and-dried judgment" in advance, as in the case of the Richardsonian play. Nor is there any record of impressions. He expresses no fear lest the literary conscience should break out in lamentation over the "audacious modern" and the mangling of the "venerable ancient." On the contrary, the audacious modern, in the person of Mr. Charles Wyndham, is severely reprimanded, and the actors, one and all, are bidden to respect the convention of a highly artificial age. There is no need to multiply proofs of the true inwardness of Mr. Walkley's "multi-lateralness." When he floats around his subject, imbibing sensations as they occur, thick as motes in the sun's beam, we are reminded that this wayward humour is only his fun. Every reader will sympathize with the critic's evident enjoyment of these, his "banyan days." When, however, he deals with the plays of Ibsen, or with realism in modern drama—as exemplified in the works of Mr. Jones—the old critical Adam is strong in Mr. Walkley, and the vigour and insight of his criticism are undeniable.

#### NATURE IN BOOKS.\*

IN these biographical "studies" the author endeavours to show how much men of genius are moulded by their early surroundings. He has chosen as examples of this theory seven men who have all loved Nature, but in widely different ways—Jeffries, Lord Tennyson, Thoreau, Scott, Carlyle, Burns, and Wordsworth. The first and the best study is of Jeffries, who is the "Magician of the Fields," as Scott was the "Wizard of the North." There is a deep pathos in the helplessness of a man with a literary talent who cannot naturally speak so as to obtain

\* *Playhouse Impressions.* By A. B. Walkley. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.

\* *Nature in Books.* By P. Anderson Graham. London: Methuen.

a hearing from the reading public. "He wrote novels that publishers returned, printed books that did not pay, pursued a journalism that would not smile." But, in the long run, those solitary musings, as Richard Jefferies lay face downwards on the grass, a poor, ragged, uneducated, hungry boy, became articulate in *The Gamekeeper at Home* and *The Pageant of Summer*. He died at the comparatively early age of thirty-six, just as he had laboriously learnt how to communicate intelligibly his marvellous insight into the secret ways of Nature. Jefferies failed as a novelist because, though his observation was microscopic, he lacked imagination. With himself as a foreground and a cope as a background he excelled all his competitors in delicate accuracy of word-painting. He says:—

The flowers with a thousand faces have collected the kisses of the morning. Feeling with them, I receive some at least of their fulness of life.

It was enough for him to bask in the sunshine, to feel the wind blow and to hear the birds sing.

Lord Tennyson is the second "study." Amongst the lonely moors and grey wolds and the low bleak shores of the Wash, he gathered the vivid impressions of sandy ridges and ocean beaches which crop up so continually in his poems. Unlike poor Jefferies, his boyhood's home was the centre of ease, cultivation, and refinement. He has been further lucky in that he was a singer in sympathy with the age in which he lived, reflecting the spiritual, political, and scientific feelings of the men of his generation. With regard to Thoreau so much has lately been written that there is little more left to say. He, too, learnt in his boyhood to love the surroundings of his home at Walden, and "his philosophy has the peculiar freshness that comes from studying life and nature." Sir Walter Scott, at Sandyknowe and Kelso, learnt to take that healthy delight in scenery which was an enjoyment to him even in his last sad days. All his views of life came directly from nature, and his desire to earn money by his writing was to enable him to surround himself with all he thought necessary to fulfil his ideal of the life of a country gentleman. Carlyle's attachment to his native Ecclefechan was of a totally different order. He loved nature in the bulk—the expanse of sky and moor, the majesty of the mountain, the sunshine on the grass. He did not analyse its component parts, like Jefferies, or wish to own a domain, like Scott. To Burns we owe the immortalization of "The Poetry of Toil," and to Wordsworth an insight into "The Divinity of Nature." Mr. Anderson Graham may be congratulated on having written a volume of pleasant and suggestive essays.

#### MR. PUNCH'S YOUNG RECITER.\*

IN days when pessimism is doing its best, or worst, to dominate all branches of literature, it is undoubtedly agreeable to find an author who, working on the lines which the banished Duke proposed to himself and his "co-mates and partners in exile" in the Forest of Arden, of finding "sermons in stones and good in everything," essays to extract fun from the salient characteristics of that dreariest of latter-day "entertainers," the drawing-room reciter. Mr. F. Anstey has, in his previous works, given ample proof that he possesses, in no ordinary degree, that precious and none too common gift, a sense of humour, and the poems in this volume have already attracted favourable attention in the pages of *Punch*, and yet it must be confessed that the effect of their perusal in their present form is not wholly satisfactory. It may well be the case that they have lost more than they have gained by collection. A prescription salutary, and even palatable, when administered in hebdomadal doses, is apt to produce a different effect if the quantity designed for several weeks be swallowed at a gulp, or at any rate at a sitting; and this fact seemed to be borne in upon us as we turned the pages of the *Young Reciter*. At the same time Mr. Anstey's facility of versification, his ingenuity of rhyme, and, above all, his power of parody, as exemplified especially in "Burglar Bill" and in "The Wreck of the Steamship Puffin" (which narrates, after the style of Mr. G. R. Sims's "The Lifeboat," the swamping of a toy steamer in the Round Pond of Kensington Gardens), would make his verses acceptable even without the stage directions to the imaginary reciter with which his lyrics are so cleverly interlined.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

READERS of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Revue Bleue* are well acquainted with the dramatic criticism of M. Gustave Larroumet (1)—criticism of a kind which, for the combination of practical knowledge of the actual stage with literary and even academic knowledge of its past, has, unfortunately, far too few representatives in England. Readers of his books on Marivaux and on Molière are in an even better position to judge this latter side of his endowment. The present volume contains a collection of his contributions to the periodicals above-mentioned, sometimes

\* *Mr. Punch's Young Reciter*. By F. Anstey. London: Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.

(1) *Etudes d'histoire et de critique dramatiques*. Par Gustave Larroumet. Paris: Hachette.

taking for text or peg revivals or experiments in the actual theatre, sometimes based on books which had appeared. They are all strongly literary, but they are never to be reproached with that ignorance of the actor's and playwright's arts with which "literary" criticism is constantly charged in England and sometimes elsewhere. The subjects are "The Oedipus Tyrannus and the Tragedies of Sophocles," "Comedy in the Middle Ages" (which is not the best, M. Larroumet being here a little lacking in sympathy, and even in knowledge), "From Molière to Marivaux" (in which M. Larroumet draws together, compares, and contrasts his two specially beloved authors), "Shakspeare and the French Theatre" (a remarkably good article, uniting very unusual shares of the three necessary qualities—capacity of appreciating Shakspeare, capacity of appreciating the French classical theatre, and knowledge of what Frenchmen really want and admire in the theatre generally), "Beaumarchais," and three more general papers on the connexion of the theatre as an institution and acting as a profession with morality, with, lastly, a sort of review of the Paris theatre under the title of "Troupes et genres." It may be that the erudition of the book will make it too solid for the ordinary theatre-goer and reader of theatrical criticism. It will certainly be a most valuable addition to the library of any theatrical critic who is thorough in his methods.

The ordinary reader, especially if he has some tincture of history, may think that there is no very great mystery about the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew (2). Given the religious discords of the time generally, the incurable turbulence and intriguing of the French nobility, the youth and weaknesses of the King, the Italian education of Catherine, and a few other perfectly well-known facts and factors, there is nothing strange about the matter. He thinks so, does he, that foolish reader? Let him hear M. Hector de la Ferrière, and he will find that the cause of Saint Bartholomew was quite different. *It was all that wicked England*. It was "sa politique égoïste et perfide" that got Coligny's throat cut. It was a sentence let slip by a man named Middlemore that stationed Charles at the window with the arquebuss. This is proved by something which happened under the First Empire, and something else that happened in 1831. "L'intérêt mercantile a été le seul mobile de leur politique"; *argal* they caused the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew. "Si l'Angleterre avait été de bonne foi (ce qu'elle ne l'est jamais)," adds M. de la Ferrière parenthetically and judicially, it would have been all right. "Nous sommes peut-être le premier à le dire" is his modest observation, and we are inclined to think he is right on this head. To drop raillery, the reader will have seen that the book is written with a spirit of *parti pris* which amounts to a mania. It is, however, possible to neglect this, and then some interest may be found in M. de la Ferrière's book. He has, as he has shown before, consulted English authorities and records much more carefully than do most French historians, and many of his collections are instructive. But, perhaps, no one but a Frenchman could have committed the delightful absurdity of supporting his argument that England ought to have heartily joined France against Spain, which would have united Catholics and Protestants, by the argument that Catholics and Protestants just before had heartily joined against England in the siege of Havre.

We wish somebody would impress on French novelists that black butterflies are not the only entomological subjects worth collecting. We last week noticed a cheerful book by a new comer, which began with a murder and ended by a suicide. Here we have three books by three other writers, youngish all, but among the best novelists of contemporary France, which might be classed as gloomy, gloomier, gloomiest. To take the superlative first, M. Edouard Rod (3) has adopted for his hero a certain Dr. Morgex, who has no religion, but is a very honest man, though he is, unluckily, a bit of a Socialist and believes in the Lombrosian theory of crime and criminals. His friend Audouin, a clever but brutal barrister, has made him promise that, if apoplexy or paralysis comes upon him Audouin, Morgex shall perform the office of a friend by bringing on euthanasia. Complicate this situation with the fact that Morgex falls in love with Audouin's angelic and ill-treated wife, and the cheerfulness of it, as treated by a person of M. Rod's idiosyncrasy, may be imagined. Let us say, however, that in ability the book seems to us a long way ahead of *Le sens de la vie* and its author's other works. In *Le roman d'une croyante* (4) the pleasant author of that charming book, *Mon oncle et mon curé*, has addressed himself to grapple with the old problem of a story with hardly any action or incident, and no very vividly displayed character, but of continued bad luck. The heroine, Geneviève d'Onelle, is neglected, bullied, and betrayed by her husband, almost from the end of her honeymoon, is too pious to console herself with his friend, and loses her daughter just as the girl grows up. *Voilà tout*. As for *La sarcelle bleue* (5), it is not quite so bad; but even here, though M. René Bazin's quite admirable touches of character and description relieve it, the main theme is the hopeless passion of a brave soldier, hardly past his youth, for his niece and goddaughter.

(2) *La Saint-Barthélémy*. Par Hector de la Ferrière. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *La sacrifiée*. Par Edouard Rod. Paris: Perrin.

(4) *Le roman d'une croyante*. Par Jean de la Brète. Paris: Plon.

(5) *La sarcelle bleue*. Par René Bazin. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

**M**R. H. C. G. Moule's *Charles Simeon* (Methuen & Co.), the new volume of the series of "English Leaders of Religion," edited by Mr. A. M. M. Stedman, is an excellent piece of work. It has the qualities that are proper to the short biography and the virtues that should distinguish the sketch. Mr. Moule's book shows a judicious sense of the proportional representation of the biographical elements. There is a nice adjustment of the external and the personal, the narrative and the critical, which constitutes altogether a vital unity. The story of Simeon's life has been frequently told, notably in the Memoirs of the late Canon Carus. To the abundant sources of information with regard to Simeon and his times already published, Mr. Moule has added further recollections, gathered during his prolonged residence in Cambridge. He is keenly alive to the value of anecdotes, and in his selection from Simeon's correspondence shows a readiness in detecting what is characteristic that is not less admirable. Throughout the book Simeon's relation to the various aspects of the Evangelical movement both within and without the Church is clearly and effectively presented. The essential facts of Simeon's career—the nature of his influence, by example and by preaching—is strikingly revealed in Mr. Moule's very readable volume.

Did Pocahontas save the life of Captain John Smith? The question is discussed by Mr. Henry Adams in his *Historical Essays* (Fisher Unwin), and had been previously raised by Mr. Charles Deane, in his edition of Wingfield's *Discourse of Virginia*. Americans are not likely to reject the one romantic legend of their history. Everybody believes in the charming story that tells how Smith laid his adventurous head on the sacrificial stone, expecting instant braining from the clubs or tomahawks, when Pocahontas, "the King's daughter, and only Nonpareil of the country," threw her arms about him and saved his life. Historians have accepted this touching story. Thanks to the human heart by which we live, Bancroft indulges in a noble descent on the general diffusion of "humanity" in all races, as he tells the tale, and then refers the reader to Smith's *True Relation, &c.*, where there is nothing whatever about the matter. It is odd, indeed, that Pocahontas does not appear in Smith's first account of his captivity, written in 1608, the year following the event. It is not till 1624 that he tells the story in full, in his "General History." Perhaps the silence of Wingfield and Smith's other rivals in leadership at Jamestown is less strange. They may have been jealous. When two statements by the same hand differ in important matters, it is no doubt safe, as Mr. Adams says, to prefer the earlier. The rule certainly holds good with regard to another subject discussed in the volume—namely, the policy of Napoleon in St. Domingo and his relations with Toussaint L'Ouverture. The official correspondence proves how materially opposed to the facts is the account of Leclerc's instructions for dealing with St. Domingo which Napoleon gave at St. Helena twenty years later. Among other papers reprinted by Mr. Adams, one on Harvard College a hundred years ago, and another on the Gold Conspiracy in New York, are not without interest for the general reader.

The reader who seeks diversion could not desire a cheerier book than *A North-Country Comedy*, by M. Betham Edwards (Henry & Co.), which is included in the second series of the "Whitefriars Library." If you would be taken out of yourself—a process necessary even to the best-regulated mind at times—this whimsical story of the adventures of certain "next-of-kin" in search of their fortune will gratify you completely. The comedians are a right whimsical folk, and in the humour and fancy of the story there is just the necessary recondite quality that pleasantly colours this "world of all of us," in which they play their amusing parts. In brief, there is the true illusion of right semblance.

Mrs. Jerome Mercier's *Arum Field* (Wells Gardner & Co.) is an edifying story, with a good moral within it for discerning youth to consider. Arum Field is a romantic young lady, whose extreme ignorance of life brings her considerable suffering. "Life's Reality" is a lesson she is long in learning. She has a passionate adoration of the mediæval, the infinitely remote, the poetic ideal, and all that. Two lovers has she, in one of whom she does rejoice, for he writes poetry and presents his verses to her in a railway carriage without waiting for an introduction. The poet, however, takes to forging bills and to Australia, leaving a shattered ideal, and the other or real lover to win the awakened Arum. Then there are certain rustics tormented by a ghost—"a gashlier, grawshomer, objectionabler thing no one ever see"—which turns out to be of the ancient sheet-and-turnip kind, and provides further disillusion for the romantic reader.

Planned upon conventional lines is *Some Passages in the Life of Madam Harford*, by Mrs. M. Douglas (Economic Publishing Co.). The story deals with an old house, an old family, and an old mystery. We do not object to the convention. The familiar ingredients are deftly treated on the whole. But why will novelists cling to the ancient superstition that blue spectacles are the best of all possible disguises? In spite of General Boulanger, it is not your only wear for a suspected criminal or a disinherited son liable to prosecution by an angry father for forgery.

*Countess Maud*, by Emily S. Holt (Shaw & Co.), a story of England in the fourteenth century, is somewhat overweighted by archaeological detail, as is usual in Miss Holt's ingenious historical tales. There are too many "wit you's" in the dialogue, and surely 'tis the very frenzy of pedantry to explain in a note that "haps" is the old Essex form of "perhaps."

Mrs. Burnett's "Gallery of Children," sketched in *Children I Have Known* (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.), is made up of babes of various ages, from "Illustrissimo Signor Bébé" of five years, who was only induced to go to school by the persuasion that it was the first step to entering the Italian army, to boys and girls of larger growth, though not of more charming speech. Those who applauded the author's fidelity to nature in *Little Lord Fauntleroy* will find much to delight them in this book, especially in the story of "Giovanni and the Other." For our part, we cannot say the sentiment of these sketches is invariably natural, or free from artifice and gush.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree's address to the Playgoers' Club, *Some Interesting Fallacies of the Modern Stage* (Heinemann), more directly concerns the dramatic author than the critic, though it is good for all and sundry to read Mr. Tree's dealing with one fallacy in the plea for the literary drama and his courageous conviction of the transience of Ibsenism.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's little book, *The Art of Acting* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), embodies the substance of various lectures, and is more discursive than the title warrants. The latter portion deals with scenic illusion, a subject that concerns the actor-manager and the stage-manager, and, though Mr. Pinero refuses his instruction, the inventive genius of Mr. Herkomer. Mr. Fitzgerald's observations on scenic effect are such that most persons who have considered the subject will approve.

*The School Atlas of English History*, edited by Dr. S. R. Gardiner (Longmans & Co.), comprises some eighty maps and plans, and is intended to serve as companion to Dr. Gardiner's *Student's History of England*. The maps illustrate campaigns, battles, siege operations, the changes effected by conquests, cessions, and the general results of treaties. The illustrative object of the Atlas has been admirably fulfilled. The maps observe strict chronological sequence, and every care has been taken in the printing and colouring. The form of the Atlas is the most convenient that could be devised, and there is an excellent index.

*The Growth of German Unity*, by Gustave Krause (Nutt), is a compact and well-digested historical sketch of an "awfully national character," as the author observes, yet decidedly not the less readable on that account. Indeed, the patriotic spirit that inspires the book is nothing but pleasing in effect.

We have also received *Some Little Britons in Brittany*, a sea-side story by Jennett Humphreys (Sampson Low & Co.); *Strange Adventures of Some Very Old Friends*, by Dorothy S. Sinclair (Biggs & Co.), a capital collection of stories for children illustrating nursery rhymes; *Nursery Comedies*, by Mrs. Hugh Bell (Longmans & Co.), twelve little plays for children, all based on familiar stories, and some adapted from Grimm's *Petit Théâtre des Enfants*; *Lyrical Versicles*, by R. T. N. (Bristol: Arrowsmith); and sixpenny editions of *Jane Eyre*, *Jacob Faithful*, and *Rory O'More*, in "Everybody's Series" (Howe & Co.).

We find that, in our article of the 6th instant about the case of HOOPER v. LARGE, we were misled by Mr. Justice GRANTHAM's remarks into making some severe comments about the conduct of Mr. HOOPER and his solicitors. After seeing the shorthand notes of Mr. Justice GRANTHAM's further remarks, and making further investigations, we unreservedly withdraw all imputations against Mr. HOOPER and his solicitors, and express our regret for having inserted them.

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